



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 815.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1922.

TWOPENCE.

Monarchs
HAVANA
Cigarettes

Have the sweet nuttiness
and fine flavour of a good
Havana Cigar.

20 for 1/-

R. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, W.

The Woman Pays

This CIGARETTE CASE DE LUXE
in exchange for
75 Coupons from

"BLACK CAT" PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

EXTRA LARGE and containing Free Coupons exchangeable
for GENEEROUS GIFTS. "Black Cat" Cigarettes constitute double
value at 8d. for 10, 1/- for 20, 2/6 for 50, etc.

Finest-matured Virginia Tobacco. Comparison invited—QUALITY
and QUANTITY—with any cigarette on the market, price for price.

Installation of the swift and thorough Baron Machines
has effected a small saving in making cost, and this
difference (not enough to allow any price reduction) is
returned to regular smokers of "Black Cat" Cigarettes
in the form of Handsome and Useful Gifts. With every
10 cigarettes is enclosed 1 coupon—i.e., 1 in a 6d.
packet, 2 in a 1/- carton, 5 in a 2/6 box, etc., and 25
coupons will secure a Gift.

SPECIAL "NEST EGG" OFFER.

FIRST 5 COUPONS FREE ON APPLICATION.

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF GIFTS to—

BLACK CAT CIGARETTES (Dept. S), Arcadia
Works, City Road, London, E.C. 1

"Black Cat"

PURE VIRGINIA
Cigarettes

N.B.—Coupons are enclosed in all packets that are printed "Coupon Enclosed." All Front Panels not
printed "Coupon Enclosed" are equally available

10/6
or
6d.



20
or
1/-

ss. Belper
Gorton,
Manchester.
S.12.27.
my two
Saturday
I am
both
really
how you
sell two
as than
one."

se
more
on
s.

Headache, Wind and Palpitation.

Pale with Anæmia, Wasted and Weak.
Sound Health Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Mrs. Burgess.

Mrs. W. Burgess, of West Street, Alford, Lincs., says:—
"It was following an attack of pleurisy that I began to feel pain and flatulence after food. The pleurisy left me very weak, thin, and anæmic; I hadn't strength to do anything, and I lost two stone in weight altogether. The pain was always at my chest and between my shoulders, too. My heart would palpitate violently at times and set me trembling from head to foot. I was terribly troubled with headache, and I never had a proper night's rest for the wind and the pain. Often during the day this wind would gather round my heart and set it fluttering till I felt like fainting."

"I had plenty of medicine, and tried a lot of advertised tonics as well, but nothing did any good. I had been ill nearly two years when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Very soon I knew they were doing me good. I began to sleep better, and to eat without having pain afterwards. In a few weeks I had gained a stone in weight, and felt as well as ever in my life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price,
3/-

1/3 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Heart
Indigestion
Stomach
Neurasthenia
Anæmia
Pallor
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Wasting

Specialty Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life

Dr. Cassell's Tablets will give you the best thing in the world—good health.

Sole Proprietors: THE VERO DRUG CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

THE CITY LIFE Assurance Co., Ltd.

Head Office, 6, Paul Street,
Finsbury, London, E.C.2

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Established in 1897, the Company transacts every class of Life Assurance business, and enjoys a high reputation for the prompt settlement of claims.

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.



REDUCED PRICES:
4 oz. NETT 10/-
8 oz. NETT 1/5

Twenty Andrew's Pencils Given Free each day!

We want the names and addresses of any Chemists, Grocers and Stores who do not stock Andrew's Liver Salt. Twenty nickel-plated Pencils, exact size of illustration (telescoping into 4 in. depth), are given each day for addresses of shops that do not stock.

If you have not been able to obtain Andrew's send your Shopman's name and address, with your own, mentioning this paper.

To the owners of the first 20 addresses each day, Andrew's Free Pencils are awarded.

Andrew's has been before the Public for over 25 years—cutting out the little ills before they have a chance to grow, helping well people to keep well.

Be sure you get the genuine Andrew's and take, or give a teaspoonful in a glass of warm water whenever the normal tone is lacking in Father, Mother, or the Children.

Andrew's is sold by Chemists, Grocers, etc. throughout the U.K. London: Fencil requests and Trade Enquiries should be directed to:

SCOTT & TURNER, Ltd.,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

12/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

Best and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Grocers and Butchers, Biscuits, Drapery, Stationery, Travellers' Supplies, Catalogues and Cards free. Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 provincial newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price. Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free. Dutton's College (J.), Skipton.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Dept., James Street, Stornoway.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Dept. Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission. Free, 100, Govt. Contr., Lavender Hill, London.

45 to 610 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30s.; no previous experience necessary. Write for particulars to H. Levaline, (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, London.

PEACH'S January Bargain Sale. Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Linens, Blankets, Cash. Free 8, Peach & Sons, 141, The Lanes, Nottingham.

TO PICTURE FRAMES.—Special clearance lines in mouldings. Send 6d. for actual samples. Watts, Dept. 2, Eccles New Road, Salford.

AMUSING SURPRISES.—Selections from 2/6. Also comic wigs, tricks, puns, Lists 2d.—F. Davis, 269, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

AXMINSTER RUG WOOL, all colours, 2/8 lb. samples and illus. instructions free. Stoddart's, Dept. 2, Empire Works, Halifax.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades, required, including vulcanizers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 19 to 35 or Servicemen, and 18 to 25 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 5/- and 8/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 20 years of age and over, with allowance for children. For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Crown House, James Watt St., Birmingham; or 200, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

DOBIE AND CO., LTD., Royal Seedmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1922 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free. Mention paper.

CARPETS, reversible, 6 ft. x 9 ft., 25/6; 9 ft. x 12 ft., 35/6; 12 ft. x 15 ft., 45/6; 15 ft. x 18 ft., 55/6; 18 ft. x 21 ft., 65/6; 21 ft. x 24 ft., 75/6; 24 ft. x 27 ft., 85/6; 27 ft. x 30 ft., 95/6; 30 ft. x 33 ft., 105/6; 33 ft. x 36 ft., 115/6; 36 ft. x 39 ft., 125/6; 39 ft. x 42 ft., 135/6; 42 ft. x 45 ft., 145/6; 45 ft. x 48 ft., 155/6; 48 ft. x 51 ft., 165/6; 51 ft. x 54 ft., 175/6; 54 ft. x 57 ft., 185/6; 57 ft. x 60 ft., 195/6; 60 ft. x 63 ft., 205/6; 63 ft. x 66 ft., 215/6; 66 ft. x 69 ft., 225/6; 69 ft. x 72 ft., 235/6; 72 ft. x 75 ft., 245/6; 75 ft. x 78 ft., 255/6; 78 ft. x 81 ft., 265/6; 81 ft. x 84 ft., 275/6; 84 ft. x 87 ft., 285/6; 87 ft. x 90 ft., 295/6; 90 ft. x 93 ft., 305/6; 93 ft. x 96 ft., 315/6; 96 ft. x 99 ft., 325/6; 99 ft. x 102 ft., 335/6; 102 ft. x 105 ft., 345/6; 105 ft. x 108 ft., 355/6; 108 ft. x 111 ft., 365/6; 111 ft. x 114 ft., 375/6; 114 ft. x 117 ft., 385/6; 117 ft. x 120 ft., 395/6; 120 ft. x 123 ft., 405/6; 123 ft. x 126 ft., 415/6; 126 ft. x 129 ft., 425/6; 129 ft. x 132 ft., 435/6; 132 ft. x 135 ft., 445/6; 135 ft. x 138 ft., 455/6; 138 ft. x 141 ft., 465/6; 141 ft. x 144 ft., 475/6; 144 ft. x 147 ft., 485/6; 147 ft. x 150 ft., 495/6; 150 ft. x 153 ft., 505/6; 153 ft. x 156 ft., 515/6; 156 ft. x 159 ft., 525/6; 159 ft. x 162 ft., 535/6; 162 ft. x 165 ft., 545/6; 165 ft. x 168 ft., 555/6; 168 ft. x 171 ft., 565/6; 171 ft. x 174 ft., 575/6; 174 ft. x 177 ft., 585/6; 177 ft. x 180 ft., 595/6; 180 ft. x 183 ft., 605/6; 183 ft. x 186 ft., 615/6; 186 ft. x 189 ft., 625/6; 189 ft. x 192 ft., 635/6; 192 ft. x 195 ft., 645/6; 195 ft. x 198 ft., 655/6; 198 ft. x 201 ft., 665/6; 201 ft. x 204 ft., 675/6; 204 ft. x 207 ft., 685/6; 207 ft. x 210 ft., 695/6; 210 ft. x 213 ft., 705/6; 213 ft. x 216 ft., 715/6; 216 ft. x 219 ft., 725/6; 219 ft. x 222 ft., 735/6; 222 ft. x 225 ft., 745/6; 225 ft. x 228 ft., 755/6; 228 ft. x 231 ft., 765/6; 231 ft. x 234 ft., 775/6; 234 ft. x 237 ft., 785/6; 237 ft. x 240 ft., 795/6; 240 ft. x 243 ft., 805/6; 243 ft. x 246 ft., 815/6; 246 ft. x 249 ft., 825/6; 249 ft. x 252 ft., 835/6; 252 ft. x 255 ft., 845/6; 255 ft. x 258 ft., 855/6; 258 ft. x 261 ft., 865/6; 261 ft. x 264 ft., 875/6; 264 ft. x 267 ft., 885/6; 267 ft. x 270 ft., 895/6; 270 ft. x 273 ft., 905/6; 273 ft. x 276 ft., 915/6; 276 ft. x 279 ft., 925/6; 279 ft. x 282 ft., 935/6; 282 ft. x 285 ft., 945/6; 285 ft. x 288 ft., 955/6; 288 ft. x 291 ft., 965/6; 291 ft. x 294 ft., 975/6; 294 ft. x 297 ft., 985/6; 297 ft. x 300 ft., 995/6; 300 ft. x 303 ft., 1005/6; 303 ft. x 306 ft., 1015/6; 306 ft. x 309 ft., 1025/6; 309 ft. x 312 ft., 1035/6; 312 ft. x 315 ft., 1045/6; 315 ft. x 318 ft., 1055/6; 318 ft. x 321 ft., 1065/6; 321 ft. x 324 ft., 1075/6; 324 ft. x 327 ft., 1085/6; 327 ft. x 330 ft., 1095/6; 330 ft. x 333 ft., 1105/6; 333 ft. x 336 ft., 1115/6; 336 ft. x 339 ft., 1125/6; 339 ft. x 342 ft., 1135/6; 342 ft. x 345 ft., 1145/6; 345 ft. x 348 ft., 1155/6; 348 ft. x 351 ft., 1165/6; 351 ft. x 354 ft., 1175/6; 354 ft. x 357 ft., 1185/6; 357 ft. x 360 ft., 1195/6; 360 ft. x 363 ft., 1205/6; 363 ft. x 366 ft., 1215/6; 366 ft. x 369 ft., 1225/6; 369 ft. x 372 ft., 1235/6; 372 ft. x 375 ft., 1245/6; 375 ft. x 378 ft., 1255/6; 378 ft. x 381 ft., 1265/6; 381 ft. x 384 ft., 1275/6; 384 ft. x 387 ft., 1285/6; 387 ft. x 390 ft., 1295/6; 390 ft. x 393 ft., 1305/6; 393 ft. x 396 ft., 1315/6; 396 ft. x 399 ft., 1325/6; 399 ft. x 402 ft., 1335/6; 402 ft. x 405 ft., 1345/6; 405 ft. x 408 ft., 1355/6; 408 ft. x 411 ft., 1365/6; 411 ft. x 414 ft., 1375/6; 414 ft. x 417 ft., 1385/6; 417 ft. x 420 ft., 1395/6; 420 ft. x 423 ft., 1405/6; 423 ft. x 426 ft., 1415/6; 426 ft. x 429 ft., 1425/6; 429 ft. x 432 ft., 1435/6; 432 ft. x 435 ft., 1445/6; 435 ft. x 438 ft., 1455/6; 438 ft. x 441 ft., 1465/6; 441 ft. x 444 ft., 1475/6; 444 ft. x 447 ft., 1485/6; 447 ft. x 450 ft., 1495/6; 450 ft. x 453 ft., 1505/6; 453 ft. x 456 ft., 1515/6; 456 ft. x 459 ft., 1525/6; 459 ft. x 462 ft., 1535/6; 462 ft. x 465 ft., 1545/6; 465 ft. x 468 ft., 1555/6; 468 ft. x 471 ft., 1565/6; 471 ft. x 474 ft., 1575/6; 474 ft. x 477 ft., 1585/6; 477 ft. x 480 ft., 1595/6; 480 ft. x 483 ft., 1605/6; 483 ft. x 486 ft., 1615/6; 486 ft. x 489 ft., 1625/6; 489 ft. x 492 ft., 1635/6; 492 ft. x 495 ft., 1645/6; 495 ft. x 498 ft., 1655/6; 498 ft. x 501 ft., 1665/6; 501 ft. x 504 ft., 1675/6; 504 ft. x 507 ft., 1685/6; 507 ft. x 510 ft., 1695/6; 510 ft. x 513 ft., 1705/6; 513 ft. x 516 ft., 1715/6; 516 ft. x 519 ft., 1725/6; 519 ft. x 522 ft., 1735/6; 522 ft. x 525 ft., 1745/6; 525 ft. x 528 ft., 1755/6; 528 ft. x 531 ft., 1765/6; 531 ft. x 534 ft., 1775/6; 534 ft. x 537 ft., 1785/6; 537 ft. x 540 ft., 1795/6; 540 ft. x 543 ft., 1805/6; 543 ft. x 546 ft., 1815/6; 546 ft. x 549 ft., 1825/6; 549 ft. x 552 ft., 1835/6; 552 ft. x 555 ft., 1845/6; 555 ft. x 558 ft., 1855/6; 558 ft. x 561 ft., 1865/6; 561 ft. x 564 ft., 1875/6; 564 ft. x 567 ft., 1885/6; 567 ft. x 570 ft., 1895/6; 570 ft. x 573 ft., 1905/6; 573 ft. x 576 ft., 1915/6; 576 ft. x 579 ft., 1925/6; 579 ft. x 582 ft., 1935/6; 582 ft. x 585 ft., 1945/6; 585 ft. x 588 ft., 1955/6; 588 ft. x 591 ft., 1965/6; 591 ft. x 594 ft., 1975/6; 594 ft. x 597 ft., 1985/6; 597 ft. x 600 ft., 1995/6; 600 ft. x 603 ft., 2005/6; 603 ft. x 606 ft., 2015/6; 606 ft. x 609 ft., 2025/6; 609 ft. x 612 ft., 2035/6; 612 ft. x 615 ft., 2045/6; 615 ft. x 618 ft., 2055/6; 618 ft. x 621 ft., 2065/6; 621 ft. x 624 ft., 2075/6; 624 ft. x 627 ft., 2085/6; 627 ft. x 630 ft., 2095/6; 630 ft. x 633 ft., 2105/6; 633 ft. x 636 ft., 2115/6; 636 ft. x 639 ft., 2125/6; 639 ft. x 642 ft., 2135/6; 642 ft. x 645 ft., 2145/6; 645 ft. x 648 ft., 2155/6; 648 ft. x 651 ft., 2165/6; 651 ft. x 654 ft., 2175/6; 654 ft. x 657 ft., 2185/6; 657 ft. x 660 ft., 2195/6; 660 ft. x 663 ft., 2205/6; 663 ft. x 666 ft., 2215/6; 666 ft. x 669 ft., 2225/6; 669 ft. x 672 ft., 2235/6; 672 ft. x 675 ft., 2245/6; 675 ft. x 678 ft., 2255/6; 678 ft. x 681 ft., 2265/6; 681 ft. x 684 ft., 2275/6; 684 ft. x 687 ft., 2285/6; 687 ft. x 690 ft., 2295/6; 690 ft. x 693 ft., 2305/6; 693 ft. x 696 ft., 2315/6; 696 ft. x 699 ft., 2325/6; 699 ft. x 702 ft., 2335/6; 702 ft. x 705 ft., 2345/6; 705 ft. x 708 ft., 2355/6; 708 ft. x 711 ft., 2365/6; 711 ft. x 714 ft., 2375/6; 714 ft. x 717 ft., 2385/6; 717 ft. x 720 ft., 2395/6; 720 ft. x 723 ft., 2405/6; 723 ft. x 726 ft., 2415/6; 726 ft. x 729 ft., 2425/6; 729 ft. x 732 ft., 2435/6; 732 ft. x 735 ft., 2445/6; 735 ft. x 738 ft., 2455/6; 738 ft. x 741 ft., 2465/6; 741 ft. x 744 ft., 2475/6; 744 ft. x 747 ft., 2485/6; 747 ft. x 750 ft., 2495/6; 750 ft. x 753 ft., 2505/6; 753 ft. x 756 ft., 2515/6; 756 ft. x 759 ft., 2525/6; 759 ft. x 762 ft., 2535/6; 762 ft. x 765 ft., 2545/6; 765 ft. x 768 ft., 2555/6; 768 ft. x 771 ft., 2565/6; 771 ft. x 774 ft., 2575/6; 774 ft. x 777 ft., 2585/6; 777 ft. x 780 ft., 2595/6; 780 ft. x 783 ft., 2605/6; 783 ft. x 786 ft., 2615/6; 786 ft. x 789 ft., 2625/6; 789 ft. x 792 ft., 2635/6; 792 ft. x 795 ft., 2645/6; 795 ft. x 798 ft., 2655/6; 798 ft. x 801 ft., 2665/6; 801 ft. x 804 ft., 2675/6; 804 ft. x 807 ft., 2685/6; 807 ft. x 810 ft., 2695/6; 810 ft. x 813 ft., 2705/6; 813 ft. x 816 ft., 2715/6; 816 ft. x 819 ft., 2725/6; 819 ft. x 822 ft., 2735/6; 822 ft. x 825 ft., 2745/6; 825 ft. x 828 ft., 2755/6; 828 ft. x 831 ft., 2765/6; 831 ft. x 834 ft., 2775/6; 834 ft. x 837 ft., 2785/6; 837 ft. x 840 ft., 2795/6; 840 ft. x 843 ft., 2805/6; 843 ft. x 846 ft., 2815/6; 846 ft. x 849 ft., 2825/6; 849 ft. x 852 ft., 2835/6; 852 ft. x 855 ft., 2845/6; 855 ft. x 858 ft., 2855/6; 858 ft. x 861 ft., 2865/6; 861 ft. x 864 ft., 2875/6; 864 ft. x 867 ft., 2885/6; 867 ft. x 870 ft., 2895/6; 870 ft. x 873 ft., 2905/6; 873 ft. x 876 ft., 2915/6; 876 ft. x 879 ft., 2925/6; 879 ft. x 882 ft., 2935/6; 882 ft. x 885 ft., 2945/6; 885 ft. x 888 ft., 2955/6; 888 ft. x 891 ft., 2965/6; 891 ft. x 894 ft., 2975/6; 894 ft. x 897 ft., 2985/6; 897 ft. x 900 ft., 2995/6; 900 ft. x 903 ft., 3005/6; 903 ft. x 906 ft., 3015/6; 906 ft. x 909 ft., 3025/6; 909 ft. x 912 ft., 3035/6; 912 ft. x 915 ft., 3045/6; 915 ft. x 918 ft., 3055/6; 918 ft. x 921 ft., 3065/6; 921 ft. x 924 ft., 3075/6; 924 ft. x 927 ft., 3085/6; 927 ft. x 930 ft., 3095/6; 930 ft. x 933 ft., 3105/6; 933 ft. x 936 ft., 3115/6; 936 ft. x 939 ft., 3125/6; 939 ft. x 942 ft., 3135/6; 942 ft. x 945 ft., 3145/6; 945 ft. x 948 ft., 3155/6; 948 ft. x 951 ft., 3165/6; 951 ft. x 954 ft., 3175/6; 954 ft. x 957 ft., 3185/6; 957 ft. x 960 ft., 3195/6; 960 ft. x 963 ft., 3205/6; 963 ft. x 966 ft., 3215/6; 966 ft. x 969 ft., 3225/6; 969 ft. x 972 ft., 3235/6; 972 ft. x 975 ft., 3245/6; 975 ft. x 978 ft., 3255/6; 978 ft. x 981 ft., 3265/6; 981 ft. x 984 ft., 3275/6; 984 ft. x 987 ft., 3285/6; 987 ft. x 990 ft., 3295/6; 990 ft. x 993 ft., 3305/6; 993 ft. x 996 ft., 3315/6; 996 ft. x 999 ft., 3325/6; 999 ft. x 1002 ft., 3335/6; 1002 ft. x 1005 ft., 3345/6; 1005 ft. x 1008 ft., 3355/6; 1008 ft. x 1011 ft., 3365/6; 1011 ft. x 1014 ft., 3375/6; 1014 ft. x 1017 ft., 3385/6; 1017 ft. x 1020 ft., 3395/6; 1020 ft. x 1023 ft., 3405/6; 1023 ft. x 1026 ft., 3415/6; 1026 ft. x 1029 ft., 3425/6; 1029 ft. x 1032 ft., 3435/6; 1032 ft. x 1035 ft., 3445/6; 1035 ft. x 1038 ft., 3455/6; 1038 ft. x 1041 ft., 3465/6; 1041 ft. x 1044 ft., 3475/6; 1044 ft. x 1047 ft., 3485/6; 1047 ft. x 1050 ft., 3495/6; 1050 ft. x 1053 ft., 3505/6; 1053 ft. x 1056 ft., 3515/6; 1056 ft. x 1059 ft., 3525/6; 1059 ft. x 1062 ft., 3535/6; 1062 ft. x 1065 ft., 3545/6; 1065 ft. x 1068 ft., 3555/6; 1068 ft. x 1071 ft., 3565/6; 1071 ft. x 1074 ft., 3575/6; 1074 ft. x 1077 ft., 3585/6; 1077 ft. x 1080 ft., 3595/6; 1080 ft. x 1083 ft., 3605/6; 1083 ft. x 1086 ft., 3615/6; 1086 ft. x 1089 ft., 3625/6; 1089 ft. x 1092 ft., 3635/6; 1092 ft. x 1095 ft., 3645/6; 1095 ft. x 1098 ft., 3655/6; 1098 ft. x 1101 ft., 3665/6; 1101 ft. x 1104 ft., 3675/6; 1104 ft. x 1107 ft., 3685/6; 1107 ft. x 1110 ft., 3695/6; 1110 ft. x 1113 ft., 3705/6; 1113 ft. x 1116 ft., 3715/6; 1116 ft. x 1119 ft., 3725/6; 1119 ft. x 1122 ft., 3735/6; 1122 ft. x 1125 ft., 3745/6; 1125 ft. x 1128 ft., 3755/6; 1128 ft. x 1131 ft., 3765/6; 1131 ft. x 1134 ft., 3775/6; 1134 ft. x 1137 ft., 3785/6; 1137 ft. x 1140 ft., 3795/6; 1140 ft. x 1143 ft., 3805/6; 1143 ft. x 1146 ft., 3815/6; 1146 ft. x 1149 ft., 3825/6; 1149 ft. x 1152 ft., 3835/6; 1152 ft. x 1155 ft., 3845/6; 1155 ft. x 1158 ft., 3855/6; 1158 ft. x 1161 ft., 3865/6; 1161 ft. x 1164 ft., 3875/6; 1164 ft. x 1167 ft., 3885/6; 1167 ft. x 1170 ft., 3895/6; 1170 ft. x 1173 ft., 3905/6; 1173 ft. x 1176 ft., 3915/6; 1176 ft. x 1179 ft., 3925/6; 1179 ft. x 1182 ft., 3935/6; 1182 ft. x 1185 ft., 3945/6; 1185 ft. x 1188 ft., 3955/6; 1188 ft. x 1191 ft., 3965/6; 1191 ft. x 1194 ft., 3975/6; 1194 ft. x 1197 ft., 3985/6; 1197 ft. x 1200 ft., 3995/6; 1200 ft. x 1203 ft., 4005/6; 1203 ft. x 1206 ft., 4015/6; 1206 ft. x 1209 ft., 4025/6; 1209 ft. x 1212 ft., 4035/6; 1212 ft. x 1215 ft., 4045/6; 1215 ft. x 1218 ft., 4055/6; 1218 ft. x 1221 ft., 4065/6; 1221 ft. x 1224 ft., 4075/6; 1224 ft. x 1227 ft., 4085/6; 1227 ft. x 1230 ft., 4095/6; 1230 ft. x 1233 ft., 4105/6; 1233 ft. x 1236 ft., 4115/6; 1236 ft. x 1239 ft., 4125/6; 1239 ft. x 1242 ft., 4135/6; 1242 ft. x 1245 ft., 4145/6; 1245 ft. x 1248 ft., 4155/6; 1248 ft. x 1251 ft., 4165/6; 1251 ft. x 1254 ft., 4175/6; 1254 ft. x 1257 ft., 4185/6; 1257 ft. x 1260 ft., 4195/6; 1260 ft. x 1263 ft., 4205/6; 1263 ft. x 1266 ft., 4215/6; 1266 ft. x 1269 ft., 4225/6; 1269 ft. x 1272 ft., 4235/6; 1272 ft. x 1275 ft., 4245/6; 1275 ft. x 1278 ft., 4255/6; 1278 ft. x 1281 ft., 4265/6; 1281 ft. x 1284 ft., 4275/6; 1284 ft. x 1287 ft., 4285

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—Joseph Story.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 815.

Week ending Saturday, January 14th, 1922.

Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Sea-Green Incorruptible.

Our chaste contemporary, *Truth*, assures us of its "best wishes" and offers us certain advice which, as it happens to coincide entirely with our own inclinations, we shall probably follow. We may even return the compliment—for, sad as the reflection is, even great Homer nods.

A Harmsworth Move.

It appears that Lord Rothermere, the head of the "Anti-Wasters," has thrown in his lot with the Die-Hards, believing that only "a real Conservative Party" can save the country. But who is to lead the new faction? We should not have thought that young Mr. Esmond Harmsworth was quite ready.

Labour and the Wee Frees.

All rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, it is very unlikely that the Wee Frees and the Labour Party will settle their differences in time for the General Election. The only kind of coalition with the Independent Liberals that suits the ideas of the Labour leaders is the sort that existed between Jonah and the whale.

Social Reform.

We like Sir William Joynson Hicks' definition of a true social policy as one which aims "to secure equality, not by levelling the few but by elevating the many." Even if Disraeli said it first, it is worth saying again.

A Knock for the Navy.

We happen to know that the almost entire omission of naval personages from the recent Honours List, and the absence of the usual promotions at the New Year, has caused a lot of discontent in the Senior Service. Surely there must have been a hitch somewhere.

The Royal Wedding.

We venture to suggest that, before public subscription lists are opened for the purchase of expensive wedding presents for Princess Mary, the personal wishes of Her Royal Highness should be consulted. No woman in the United Kingdom is more alive to the acute distress of the times.

Flesh and Blood.

In the course of a courteous reply to our recent articles on the Borstal scandal, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle refers to "the insincerity of this agitation." We fancy if he could read some of the heartrending letters we have received from the mothers and other relatives of these poor lads he would change his view. It is such a pity to waste all one's sympathy on departed spirits.

The "Flu."

Perhaps there is method in the madness of the Ministry of Health, which officially denies the existence of an influenza epidemic. Not that the illustrious example of George Washington has ever been specially honoured in Whitehall.

A Legal Innovation.

We should be lacking in courtesy if we did not extend a word of greeting to the talented young ladies who are shortly to be called to the English Bar. Probably no great harm will be done, for, in any case, many are called but few are chosen.

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A Slippery Prisoner.

It is reported that Ernest Daniel Kiley—who, as everyone knows by this time, is the son of a well-known M.P.—has been brought back to this country to complete the sentence of three years' penal servitude passed on him at the Central Criminal Court in April for defrauding ex-Army officers. What are the odds against his "escaping" again before the three years are up?

"Free" Ireland.

The likelihood is that, when the present hubbub has died down, events in Ireland will shape themselves on the lines of South Africa, where, ever since the British flag was hoisted over the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, there has been an active Republican party ranged in opposition to the Government, although it has never yet managed to seize the reins. If to this extent history should repeat itself, all may be well.

The Talens of Pussyfoot.

On another page we publish striking details of the Prohibitionist plot which, under the direction of Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, seeks to rob the British citizen of the right to quench his thirst with the beverage of his choice. The artfulness of the teetotal faction is evidenced by the fact that what is now prettily known as "Local Option" was once bluntly described on their platforms as "Local Veto." It sounds so much fairer to say that a man shall please himself about drink than that another shall have the right to "veto" his choice. But the two things mean exactly the same.

India.

In spite of the rigid censorship, a good deal of bad news is reaching us from India. One of these days, unless drastic measures are taken, we shall wake up to find a big Asiatic war on our hands.

Our Dumb Pals.

For the future regulations are to be in force which, if they are obeyed, will prevent worn-out horses from being frozen to death in crossing the Channel. Yet, when we first called attention to this scandal, the officials blandly assured us that nothing whatever was wrong!

Feminine Fury.

After the violent and interminable harangues of Mrs. MacSwiney and the Countess Markievicz in the Dail Eireann, we may be forgiven the conclusion that, as regards Sinn Fein, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." Thank Heaven they are both in Ireland!

An Archaic Survival.

It is unlikely that the revived Grand Juries will long survive the storm of criticism which has greeted their reappearance. In the few cases where these cumbrous bodies return "No Bill" owing to lack of evidence against a prisoner, they merely anticipate by a few hours the inevitable verdict of a Common Jury.

Man and Wife.

We note that the Rev. Claud Coltman and his wife, the Rev. Constance Mary Coltman, have been jointly elected to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Greville Place, Maida Hill. We presume that, being "one flesh," they will draw one salary—which will be much cheaper for the congregation.

The Bournemouth Murder.

If the detective skill of Major St. A. B. Warde, the Chief Constable of Hampshire, is such that his refusal to call in the aid of Scotland Yard in connection with the Bournemouth murder was justified, then he should obviously be appointed at once to the supreme command of the Criminal Investigation Department. If not, he had better be sacked.

Gentlemen All.

Back in the summer Warwick Armstrong, the Australian cricket captain, gave it as his opinion that the English game was suffering from "too much professionalism." Now it is stated that in respect of their English tour alone each member of the Australian team is to receive a bonus of £400. Come to think of it, perhaps this is better than paying money to play cricket. Pity the M.C.C. never thought of it!

Government Butter.

Is it true that the Government are holding up huge stocks of butter? Mr. Edward Burke, Chairman of the big Eastcheap grocery firm of Peek Brothers and Winch, says they are. He adds that some time ago, when the public could scarcely get a scrap of butter, they piled up thousands of tons in cold storage, and that the butter is still there—deteriorating in quality and depreciating in price. What's the game?

Dora Still Active.

We are a long-suffering people, and suffer many vexatious interferences. Two tradesmen were summoned at Hampstead for keeping their shops open after eight o'clock on Sunday night for the sale of fruit and confectionery. The Chairman, Dr. Macdonald Brown, remarked that tradesmen should have been notified of the reintroduction of the regulations—only to be informed that they had never been withdrawn. So "Dora" is not dead yet.

Neither Sense nor Sensibility.

The axe by all means, but not at the expense of humanity and common sense. Sir Alfred Mond is economising on the meagre grants of free food and milk to under-nourished babies and expectant or nursing mothers. But is it not obvious, even to a bloodless compiler of figures, that every penny spent on starving babies and necessitous mothers is sixpence saved in the long run by keeping them off the rates—where the percentage of value for money is less than in any other transaction?

Miss Horley's Heroism.

That in spite of all the efforts of the police there is little or no difficulty for the drugtaker to get "dope" appears again in the tragedy of Miss Edith Horley, who shot herself in her flat. "There were marks of hypodermic needles on the side and front of the thighs," Dr. Rose stated at the inquest, "and one of the drugs handed to him was heroin, which ought not to be supplied to anyone." There is evidently need for a more drastic enforcement of the law restricting the supply of dangerous drugs.

Dazzle and Death.

A married man of Brighton, while walking near Wimborne recently, was killed by a motor whose driver was temporarily blinded by the excessive glare of another car approaching him. A few hours later a Redhill R.F.C. cadet was fatally injured at Cobham trying to avoid a motor with dazzling headlights. Only "swank" or haughty disregard of others' comfort dictates the use of this searchlight illumination save in exceptional circumstances, and the authorities should instantly decree the dimming of such powerful lamps.

More Muddle.

Business people and residents in Bow seem to be singled out for an extra special dose of the muddled-headed methods of the Post Office. Their "General" Office is poked away in a corner somewhere on "the edge of beyond," and on Thursdays they cannot even get a penny stamp after 1 p.m.—the only other office being a branch one in a tobacconist and newsagent's shop, and he closes at one on Thursdays also. So they have to go either to Stratford or Mile End, both of which are over a mile away. Brilliant fellow, Mr. Kellaway. What?

One for "Pussyfoot."

Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, the West Ham Magistrate, commenting on the great diminution of drunkenness at his Court, remarked that it proves that people have not abused the extended length of the hours during which public-houses are now open. What say the prohibitionists and the kill-joys, whose one idea seems to be that grown men and women have as much self-control as a kitten—or themselves?

Derelicts.

Oftentimes a man's best friend is his dog. When our fellows too often see only our vices, the dog is conscious only of our virtues. The licensing season is upon us, and we beg to appeal to our readers who cannot afford to pay the lawful fee for their pets not to turn them adrift. The National Canine Defence League, of 27, Regent Street, are ever ready to help in circumstances of difficulty, and there can therefore be no excuse for the callous treatment of our "four-footed pets."

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Perilous "Safety."

During the war the public suffered, more or less gladly, all kinds of weird substitutes for real things, being thankful for small mercies—and getting them small! But there is now no excuse for the Hun abominations sold under the name of "safety matches." The cheapest of these is a paltry 400 per cent. over pre-war price. Recently a whole box exploded in a smoker's hand, burning him severely. As these matches are guaranteed to "strike only on the box," an action for damages might teach the sellers a much-needed lesson.

Two Points of View.

The National Hunt Committee have promised a licence to the promoters of the scheme for making a racecourse on the outskirts of Bournemouth. At the Council meeting, however, a resolution was passed to the effect that "the establishment of a racecourse is diametrically opposed to the best interests of the town." Simultaneously, at a meeting of the Doncaster Corporation the Race Committee recommended that £12,500 be paid into the borough funds for the relief of the rates out of the profits of the 1921 meetings. Which should give Bournemouth furiously to think.

Luke's Gospel.

The gospel according to Luke—Mr. W.B. Luke, Chairman of Willesden Police Court, that is—is by no means to be sneezed at. "Every man needs a woman somewhere in the background," he says. "Often she is very much in the background, but she is none the less necessary to his welfare and happiness." It should, however, be said that very much depends upon the woman, whether she should be in the foreground or the background. Solomon the King, who knew somewhat about the ladies, maintained that it was "better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

Jack's Letters.

Seamen employed by the Union-Castle Company complain that on the Cape Town voyage there is much delay in forwarding letters addressed to them at the Company's London Offices. Perhaps there are reasons for this, but the officials should remember that when Jack is at sea he loves a letter from home.

The Trade Union Way.

Barrow has more than its share of unemployed among its shipyard workers—yet because the Boilermakers' Society would not sanction the work being done during the holiday period, an Italian ship had to move on to the next port of call for repairs. By this ill-considered action not only is a contract lost to the country, but bread is taken out of the mouths of the unemployed. The Boilermakers' Society should be boiled.

Bumbles' Wage Cuts.

The Bumbles of Minster-in-Thanel are determined to be among the first in the field over cuts in bonuses. They wanted to start with their Hospital staff last September, but the nurses protested. So they postponed it until the end of November, when two months' bonus went by the board, with a promise of more reductions to follow. If Minster had been a place where the cost of commodities had fallen there would have been no complaints. But it is not. Bumble was ever a hard taskmaster.

A Grim Warning.

The fearful catastrophe at Hartlepool last week, when hundreds of families stood helplessly watching their houses and belongings being consumed in flames, must bring home to every reader of JOHN BULL the urgent importance of taking advantage of our great Free Fire Insurance scheme, and the criminal folly of neglecting it if no other fire insurance provision has been made. Full particulars will be found on page 20. So far, under this scheme, we have paid 601 claims, one of the last being £100 in respect of a fire at Forest Gate.

The Pedlar's Past.

A Chief Constable, apparently, has no power to grant a pedlar's certificate to anybody not of good character and able to produce two references. This was explained to the Lincoln Magistrates when the application of William Horry, sent to gaol in 1914 for embezzlement, and again in March last for larceny, came before them. He had no work to do, and wanted to keep body and soul together and support his young wife and children. We are glad the Magistrates did what the Chief Constable could not do; for every saint has his past and every sinner his future.

"Sober" Sense.

A man entered a Shoreditch public-house and asked for a "Burton." He was told that he had had enough, but the licensee consented to serve a soda water—on which the police summoned him for permitting drunkenness on his premises. But Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street Magistrate, has the habit of thinking for himself. He held that the action of the publican was justified, and that he had taken a reasonable and proper course. To seek to penalise a publican because he strives to keep his customers sober is surely the limit of absurdity.

Any trouble with your pension?—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

The Municipal Motorist.

To enable their Surveyor to negotiate his rounds more easily than is possible with a "push-bike," Alton District Council decided to provide him with a motor-cycle. Doubting his ability to manage the thing, however, he demanded a car; and it is now on the cards to fix him up with one. We respectfully suggest a Rolls-Royce. It's the ratepayers' money—so what's the odds?

Tricking Our Trade.

The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce has done well to raise a dust with regard to the great amount of foreign goods that are coming over here bearing the mark "Made in England." As our own manufacturers are being considerably hit by this wily trick of trading, we urge that the Government should take immediate steps to stop this counterfeit. No wonder there is so much unemployment.

An Improvement at Bournemouth.

One of the delights of our eyes is to note that the Bournemouth Magistrates, taking recent remarks of ours to heart, have improved their ideas as to what to do with poor homeless beggars caught sleeping out. Recently, it will be recalled, they sent a man to prison for 14 days because he slept under the stars after leaving hospital, footsore and dead-beat in search for work. Since then they have had another sleeper-out before them, and have let him go on undertaking to leave the town!

Wirksworth's Water.

The state of the water supply at Wirksworth is nothing short of a danger to the community. People at Gorsey Bank get it only for one hour daily, and a Councillor stated that at his house there was no water for twelve hours one day recently, and the fires had to be let out. The Council decided to have the whole available supply diverted to one district for one hour daily, due notice being given to the remainder of the townsfolk. Meanwhile two cases of diphtheria and one of scarlet fever have been reported. We are not surprised.

Horse and Man.

One would have thought that a man who, while serving in the Army, had been taken prisoner by the Huns would have too great a horror of cruelty to men to be cruel to animals. Yet it is recorded against George Ruckman, a Brighton hawker, who has had this experience, that he worked a horse which was such a mass of wounds and sores that it was fit only to be destroyed. Because of his Army record and his young wife and six children, he was fined £5 instead of being sent to prison. Certainly Ruckman received more mercy than he had for his beast.

"Out of the Mouths of—"

The youngsters of Staincliffe, near Leeds, probably exasperated by the failure of their elders, are running a Church, and apparently making a success of it. All offices are held by boys and girls, except that of "minister"—though the reason for this exception is not clear, for it is easier to knock off the average sermon than to get a good collection out of the congregation, which the girl "sidesmen" do. And, in any case, the juvenile "pastor" would certainly vary the kill-joy abstractions which too often pass for "The Word."

Beware of the Jap.

The recent revelations of the sort of houses run by the Japanese in the East End of London prove that some of our visitors are not here in the best interests of our womenfolk. Their ruse is to set up dens of shame behind some innocent-looking shops, and then to lure their victims into lives of indescribable degradation. Such vampires should be packed off to their own country in company with their filth.

Have a — Wash?

The unemployed of Southwark have been granted the free use of the public baths, soap *ad lib.* and towels in sufficiency, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Which is all to the good, for cleanliness, we are told, is next to godliness. Now, if only some genius would come along and find them work, if only on the odd Mondays and Fridays, everything in the garden would be lovely. It is well enough to be clean, but it is a jolly sight better to have enough work to make one dirty.

A Little Mercy—On Account.

Even the hardest heart may yield in time, and, as we say, we welcome the belated response by the Ministry of Agriculture to our unending protests against the cruelty and carelessness with which animals have been treated by those in charge of their transport. Besides emphasising the present regulations, the Board has prohibited the carriage of horses, asses or mules, except under a permanent deck cover, during the winter months. But we still insist that the scandalous half-dead-horse traffic to the Continent must absolutely cease.

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Mary
like a
Diamond
Ring?**

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Cock-a-Doodle—Don't!

The Borough Surveyor of Worthing has been appointed G.I.F.H.S.O.—which, being interpreted, meaneth "General Inspector of Fowl Houses and Sex of Occupants." He owes this distinction to the fact that tenants of the new Corporation buildings must submit designs of proposed fowl-houses to him for approval, and refrain from keeping more than ten birds, of which none may be a cockerel! At the risk of another penny rate, the tenants who desire to obey this by-law will have to petition for the assistance of a F.R.I.B.A. and a F.Z.S.

And Still at Large!

A young man named Hicks, of Shrewsbury, has developed the erotic habit of using a razor to slash women's dresses, in queues and crowds. Proved to have perpetrated this disgraceful trick on "numerous occasions," he was fined £5 for five cases and ordered to pay full damages! Does the Bench suggest this fellow is sane? If not, is it proposed to wait till he finds dress-slashing rather tame and starts carving the wearers, or until his sexual perversion takes some other outrageous shape? In any case, what is the idea of allowing him at large after "numerous occasions" of this unpleasant kind?

Starving Russians.

One of our readers suggests that the starving Russians should be given mealy meal—ground mealies grown by the South African farmers—and which can be purchased at 6s. to 8s. per sack of 200 lbs. We believe the bulk of the South African natives and a large percentage of Dutch Colonials live on this meal. Perhaps Mr. Churchill will look into the matter.

"Monstrous Conduct."

Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old-street Magistrate, had no need to excuse himself, as he was inclined to do, when he sentenced William Hooker, a greengrocer, of Punderson-gardens, Bethnal Green, to 21 days' imprisonment. Hooker was drunk while in charge of a van, which he drove furiously, narrowly missing three women. He did collide with a few tramcars. We are sure that now he is sober he will realise that he has nothing to complain about on the grounds of over-severity.

Cool! Cool!

The cry of the milkraid would be very welcome to Combe Florey, near Bishop's Lydeard, for it is a milkless village. Though there are two farms, there are no cows milked. Formerly these places were let to practical men who lived in the farmhouses and supplied the villagers with milk and butter—but it is so no longer, and the village mothers are at their wits' end to know what to do, and appeal to us. They must have milk for their babies. Will the Council please take steps at once to see that they get it?

A Streatham Holiday.

The residents of Streatham are scarcely to be congratulated on their good taste or observance of common decency in the presence of death. At the funeral of Miss Wilkins, the victim of the Bournemouth outrage, there were scenes which we sincerely hope will remain without parallel. "Sightseers" began to assemble at an early hour, itinerant vendors hawked "memorial cards" and other commodities, and at the cemetery hundreds of graves were trampled on by a morbid mob of gaping spectators. "O, wad some power the giftie gie us"—!

How Not to Feed Baby.

When asked by a policeman what she was giving to her baby, Mrs. Harriet Woodcock, of Gibraltar Walk, Bethnal Green, replied, "Only stout!" The child was eighteen months old. At Old Street Police Court the mother was fined 20s. and sternly reprimanded by Mr. Clarke Hall. We do not suppose that Mrs. Woodcock realised that she was doing harm, or even that she was breaking the law of the land. It cannot be too widely known, however, that to administer intoxicants, except on medical advice, to a child under five is illegal and grossly injurious.

A Happy New Year!

A Happy New Year is—given health and domestic felicity—assured to the prospective winner of the first prize of £1,000, which we are again offering in our "Bullets" Competition this week. It is generally admitted that cash alone cannot bring happiness, but there is no denying that a substantial sum like £1,000 possesses potentialities of a very agreeable character. Who amongst JOHN BULL readers is to win it this time?

It's never too late to—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

THE WOMAN PAYS.

CALLOUS NEGLECT OF WAR HEROINE WHO SPENT HER STRENGTH FOR BRITAIN.

IN this England of ours, where Justice is supposed to hold the scales so evenly that other nations look on with envy and admiration, there are ugly distortions which would scarcely be in harmony with the savage homesteads of the wildest Congo tribes. That would appear to be a sweeping statement, but after being introduced to the tragic story of Miss Daisy Murray, of The Hut, Hog Hill, Icklesham, Sussex, our readers will no doubt agree with us. At a time when her services were most needed, she came forward to help her country. A girl in the fresh bloom of early womanhood, full of health and vigour, she left a comfortable position to lend a hand in a munitions factory at Watford when the cry from overseas was for more and more shells.

REWARD OF PATRIOTISM.

Against regulations, even in those days of urgency, this winsome girl was employed in the mixing room, where she was engaged in the actual process of powder making. Handling powder was the most dangerous task of all. No other girl in the building had similar work to do. It was a man's job, and Daisy offered her services when a sufficient number of men could not be prevailed upon to take the risk. From seven o'clock in the morning until midnight every day, Saturdays and Sundays included, for weeks on end, this slip of a girl stuck to her post, until the day arrived when the constant inhaling of powder dust, not to mention one or two accidents, played havoc with her constitution. Unlike most people engaged in the same dangerous work, Daisy was given no mask to cover her mouth and nostrils, no gloves to protect her hands. Broken in health, unfit for any kind of work, she was given an allowance under the Workmen's Compensation Act, being wrongly described as a packer—not as a powder worker, be it noted—and left to the tender care of a private doctor. Miss Murray was forced to go into hospital, where the treatment was so drastic that the poor girl was left wondering whether the intention was to cure or kill. As a matter of fact, the astounding suggestion was made to her that she had been thrust into hospital to be "put out of the way, if she could not be cured, as the Ministry was tired of paying weekly compensation and did not want to have to

provide a pension." Having failed miserably in their attempt to cure, at all events, this helpless victim of a pernicious system was cast adrift to fend for herself. She left hospital—happy and contented to get away. Then officialdom played another card. Daisy's sick allowance was stopped, for some reason that still remains unexplained. Into the breach stepped the Watford Board of Guardians. The girl who had bartered her health and strength in the cause of patriotism shall not be allowed to starve! Later on, officialdom brightened the dismal outlook with a ray of flattering hope. Miss Murray was told by a sympathetic Government clerk at Watford that her name had been placed on a list for a pension, "as the authorities were certain that she would never be able to earn her own living." For nearly three years she has been waiting for the realisation of that hope. Not merely waiting, but urging the authorities in Whitehall to mete out justice. But, instead of receiving ready help, Daisy has been buffeted about like a piece of wreckage in a stormy sea. First of all she was sent to Sussex, where, amid the peaceful surroundings of Icklesham, she might strive to recover her health and strength. All expenses of the journey and removal were to be paid. But not a farthing of the money has she seen. Worse still, the Guardians thought this an opportune moment to cut down expenses, so the allowance was promptly withdrawn.

CALLOUS OFFICIALDOM.

A pleasant prospect, indeed—living in a wooden hut, among people to whom she is an entire stranger, and trying to eke out an existence on the miserable pittance which a kindly and thoughtful Government pays to her aged father in the form of an Old Age Pension, and the few odd shillings he is able to earn now and then. Meantime our overworked bureaucrats, in their snug offices in Whitehall, find time to write curt replies to the unfortunate girl's constant appeals for her case to be considered. Nine independent doctors have certified Miss Murray unfit to follow any employment. The T.N.T. poisoning caused lockjaw and paralysis, her teeth have rotted away and she is lighter by three stone than her normal weight—yet the Secretary of State regrets he is unable to do

anything; the Ministry of Health are of the opinion that it is a case for the attention of the War Office, while the latter are under the impression that it is the duty of the Poor Law authorities to get busy. Do you wonder at the girl asking JOHN BULL to take a hand? Read this, from Daisy herself to us:

Can get no answer from anyone. All furniture removed from hut and left to sleep on the floor. No means to buy more furniture, and I do not know how much longer I can endure this state of things, as we have difficulty in getting dry bread and tea.

And this:

Must have immediate help or take steps to end it all. Perhaps the War Office will have the decency to bury me when I am dead. My father is starving himself trying to keep me alive.

In the hope of hastening a decision, we addressed ourselves to the Ministry of Health and received the following reply:

With reference to the case of Miss D. Murray, I am directed by the Minister of Health to state that it rests with the War Office to decide whether she has established her claim upon them respecting her claim for compensation. . . . Her case has already formed the subject of prolonged correspondence. . . . More than once she has been definitely informed that the Guardians and this Department are concerned with the case only so far as she may be in need of Poor Law assistance. . . . It appears, however, that she has refused to accept the offer of indoor relief and, in these circumstances, suggestion has been made that the Relieving Officer of the Ry4 Union should keep watch on the case, so that should there be proved necessity for the grant of emergency relief this relief may be granted.

The Workhouse, indeed! How like Whitehall when all that is necessary is to send down an impartial medical man to examine their victim. But, to save them the trouble, we asked a local doctor to report on the case. The result of his examination is a certificate that:

Miss Daisy Murray is suffering from heart disease and lung trouble probably due to pneumonia which she contracted after T.N.T. poisoning.

We have given but a skeleton history of the last three years of Daisy Murray's miserable existence. What she asks is not charity, nor sympathy, but plain British justice.

HEARTLESS PURITANS.

THEATRE STAFF THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Application was recently made on behalf of the proprietors of the Regent Theatre, Lowestoft, to the County Magistrates for the renewal of the dramatic licence of the theatre, with the elimination of the restriction referring to the sale of intoxicants. Who should pop up to oppose it but the Rev. J. Coombs, contending, that if the licence were granted the moral tone would be lowered and there would be a temptation to young people! This pious person stated he had been to the theatre four times in the last twelve months, and had always found it clean and well-conducted and the plays excellently produced, but he would object to anyone sitting next to him who had been drinking. On the strength of this fanatical and unreasonable opposition, a majority of the Magistrates refused to grant the licence, unless the restrictive condition was attached. In the circumstances, the Board of Directors have felt compelled to close down the theatre, which means that over thirty innocent people are thrown out of permanent employment to please Pussyfoot! Does the Rev. Mr. Coombs propose to find them jobs? If so, they would be glad to hear from him without delay.

SECOND TO SOLOMON.

HIS WORSHIP'S WONDERFUL WISDOM.

In our opinion Mr. D'Eyncourt, the West London Magistrate, is a very bad second to Solomon. A certain Frank Daymond is now serving a term of penal servitude for motor-car frauds. Prior to his arrest he fraudulently obtained £300 from a Mrs. King. This amount was in the hands of the Commissioner of Police. Daymond had placed the money in an envelope, which he handed, after his arrest, to one of his employees to give to a Mr. Whitley, a garage proprietor of Shepherd's Bush, who was the original prosecutor, and who had been put to considerable expense. Detective Kitchener acknowledged that money to the value of £250 out of the £300 was actually the property of Mrs. King—the identical notes of which she had been defrauded. They were her life's savings. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was a difficult problem, and one that should be decided on moral rather than on technical grounds. He allowed Mr. Whitley £160 to reimburse him his outlay, the balance of £140 to go to Mrs. King. We beg to suggest to his Worship that his view of the moral aspect of this case is as anæmic as his logic. Right is right.

FROM £100 TO £1,000.

PROGRESSIVE SUCCESS OF A STEADY COMPETITOR.

The winner of the first prize of £1,000 in "Bullets" Competition No. 432 is to be congratulated not only on his success, but also on the unwavering perseverance which has enabled him to achieve it. Not that the regular competitor alone carries off the premier prizes, for there have been several occasions on which a first attempt has topped the list of winners. Nevertheless, steady efforts generally yield sooner or later a handsome result. This has been so in the case of Mr. E. Knox, of Bute Docks Offices, Pier Head, Cardiff, to whom a cheque for £1,000 has been sent. In 1914 the same competitor carried off a prize of £100. Seven years later he wins a prize of tenfold value! Meantime he has been a regular competitor, and tells us that, with the exception of last Christmas, he has won a turkey regularly in our special Christmas Competitions. Mr. Knox particularly prides himself on the fact that his winning lines have always been entirely his own efforts. Attempts have been made by well-meaning but mistaken friends to induce him to discontinue his weekly attempts, but his win of £1,000, we rather think, will act as an effectual silencer.

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it!

GERMAN MONEY AND THE PARTY FUNDS.**MENACE TO ENTENTE WHICH MUST BE AVERTED.**

The subject matter of this article is of vital and most urgent importance. A General Election is on top of us, and vigorous efforts are being put out by the rich pro-Germans of the naturalised variety to poison public opinion against their fatherland's enemy and our Ally—France. Have these men or their nominees subscribed to the Party war chests, which within a week or so will be pouring money out in all directions? The Secret Party Funds have ever been a festering source of suspicion and corruption. Krupp's, it was said, before the war, had, through their nominees, subscribed to the depleted Liberal war chest—perhaps for a campaign on armaments! Personally, we scouted the rumour. But there are others to which we cannot close our ears. Is it or is it not the fact that the traitor Baronet, Edgar Speyer, who so misled poor Mr. Asquith, subscribed on more than one occasion to the Liberal funds—subscribed to the funds on which, by a bitter irony, earnest and unselfish Liberals rely for their lofty appeals and democratic teachings, and out of which "independent" candidates are equipped with their expenses?

WHO PAYS?

The public have a right to be informed on this point. Take another. Trebitch Lincoln, the traitor M.P., sat when a spy in our Parliament. Who paid his election expenses, and why were these found by Liberal Headquarters? Again, the public ought to be informed—and, mark well, no mere general statement should suffice. Nothing less than a public audit of the Party Funds will remove the suspicion bred of these incidents. If German money crept into the Party war chest once (of course, through indirect sources) it can do so again, and if it finds its way there we may be sure that conditions will be imposed. Now, this election is to decide largely our position as regards France, the German indemnity, reparations and a score of subsidiary questions that the rich pro-Germans in our midst want to dish us over. Surely, therefore, it should be fought with clean hands. And this can only be ensured if all Parties tell the public, frankly and fully, who pays for their campaign. Remember, it still remains a costly matter to fight an election. The candidate of character and conviction, he who has got himself selected by the local committee on his merits, has, if a poor man, still to rely on the Central Office—the caucus—for monetary support. What does that mean? Merely this: that he must toe the line—or find his own election expenses! He dare not show independence. And, until we have a public audit of the Party Funds, we shall not know exactly who it is, and for what objects, who keeps the Caucus going. In theory, our government is democratic; in fact, politics are "bossed" by masked plutocrats.

WANTED, CLEAN POLITICS.

In this matter, Labour can if it likes render a splendid service to the nation. We have always held that the Party was sound and patriotic at heart, that German gold and Bolshevik jewels got no farther than certain extremist journals. At all events, the Party have not trafficked in titles or sold peerages. Here, then, is their chance. Let them publish before the General Election a complete list of subscribers—the other Parties are then bound to follow suit. If not—? The nation needs—aye, and must have—clean politics. "Contempt of Parliament" is spreading. It spells direct action and industrial unrest at home—lack of confidence abroad, with incendiaryism in the East. It must be killed—not scotched; for till it is we shall not get stability. The industrial revival will continue to escape us and men will go on following the Will-o'-the-Wisp—Revolution. That way disaster lies!

A CHILD'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.**DEPLORABLE CONDUCT OF A HOSPITAL STAFF.**

A case of mistaken diagnosis and unwillingness to perform a necessary operation on the part of a hospital staff, whereby a little girl was subjected to a terrible ordeal of suffering and anxiety, has been brought to our notice. Joyce Harwood is a little girl of thirteen, living at Evesham with her parents and her brother, an ex-soldier. For some time past she has been suffering from a painful and serious malady, and on November 28th the medical man in attendance on her, considering that immediate surgical aid was imperative, sent her to the Evesham Hospital for operation, with a written statement that the case was one of chronic appendicitis. The Medical Officer, however, decided merely to keep the little patient in the institution under observation. There she remained in daily expectation of having to face the ordeal of the operating table and the surgeon's knife—a prospect sufficiently disquieting to one of less tender years—until December 2nd, when she was discharged. She was again examined by her own medical attendant, who returned her to the hospital on the following day. Again, however, the hospital staff refused to operate, and, further, declined to consent to the patient's own medical attendant doing so in the institution. By this time the mental distress of the little sufferer was such that her own doctor deemed it advisable to have her removed from the hospital to a nursing home. At this institution a further medical opinion was obtained, which confirmed the original diagnosis and the necessity for the immediate use of the surgeon's knife. The result of the operation, which was fortunately completely successful, provided ample proof of the correctness of the diagnosis, for the appendix was found to be in a diseased condition. The surgeon, to his great credit, refused to make any charge for his services. This case provides another revelation of the doubtful competence of the staffs of medical institutions which are kept up entirely by voluntary contributions. It is nothing short of disgraceful that a young life should possibly have been endangered in this manner.

THE WAKEFORD APPEAL.**SWELLING DEMAND FOR PETITION FORMS.**

During the past week a great number of signatures have been affixed to the Petition to the King for the reopening of the Wakeford Case, and applications for the forms are still being received on a very large scale. The following is a list of the addresses at which it can now be signed:—

BIRKENHEAD: Messrs. Scadding Brothers.
BIRMINGHAM: Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 19, Corporation Street.
BOLTON: Mr. J. Brooks, 17, Halliwell Road.
BOURNEMOUTH: Mr. E. Malcolm Scott, 49, Talbot Road.
BRISTOL: Bristol Advertising Co., 1, Broad Quay.
CARDIFF: Mr. J. A. Brown, 207, Bute Street.
DUBLIN: Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot St.
KING'S LYNN: Mr. C. H. Plowright, Tower Street.
LONDON: The JOHN BULL Pen Depots at 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4; 265, Strand, W.C. 2; 323, High Holborn, W.C. 1; 72, New Oxford Street, W.C. 1; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.; 87, Long Acre, W.C. 2.
JOHN BULL Editorial Offices (first floor), 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2.
NEWCASTLE (STAFFS.): Mr. G. J. Jones, 15, Church View, Cross Heath.
PORTSMOUTH: JOHN BULL Pen Depot, 214, Commercial Road.

It should be added that Petition forms in any number can be obtained from the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

SHORT STORY OF INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

To-day Life Insurance is so essential a factor in the lives of millions that it is difficult to realise that there was a time when it was practically unknown, that—though it goes back in some form or another to very ancient times—its growth has been slow, laborious, and comparatively modern. Life Insurance is, indeed, the result of the work of many of the greatest scientific minds; every one of its principles is the fruit, not merely of clear, deep and constructive thinking, but of vast and world-wide experience.

Curiously enough, however, Life Insurance was not the first form of Insurance in this country. We are a commercial nation, the islanders who have sailed the Seven Seas from the earliest hour of our history as a nation; and it is not unnatural, accordingly, that Insurance with us should have first taken the form of insurance on shipping. But here, again, there is a surprise; we were the first, it is true, to give the insurance on shipping its biggest development, but we were not the first to originate the idea.

Demosthenes describes fully the Marine loans which were issued in his day, and probably before, in ancient Greece. It is natural that possibly the first great commercial nation of the world, which Greece undoubtedly was, should be the first also to invent protection against the uncertain life of the ship—especially in days when it was the puppet of the wind and the wave. This precedence in time of marine over every other form of insurance is retained all through the history of all forms of insurance. Marine insurance is to be found in Italy in the 12th, the 13th, and the 15th centuries; it is in Belgium as far back as 1300. When Marine Insurance reached London, it still retained enough of its Italian origin to be written for the most part in Italian.

ORIGIN OF FIRE INSURANCE.

Fire Insurance is also among the predecessors of Life Insurance. Again its origin was Continental; it was not till 1635 to 1638 that citizens of London petitioned Charles I. for the right to insure houses. The Civil War put an end to the project; the Great Fire, of course, gave it a tremendous impulse, and a private Fire Office was opened in 1680 "at the back of the Royal Exchange"; and after a short time it grew so large that the Common Council—always jealous for the rights of the city—petitioned for leave to start a fire insurance on its own account and at lower rates than the fire offices. This was the first instance of a struggle that has been going on ever since between what may be called the Socialistic theory of insurance by Government and the individualist theory of insurance by private initiative—a contest that extends even to our own times.

THE CONCEPTION OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Meantime Life Insurance comes hobbling along after its elder brothers in the family of Insurance—which brings us to William Gibbons. For the transaction into which William Gibbons entered seemed a very simple one. It was an insurance, as it would now be called, on his life for twelve months. Sixteen underwriters undertook to pay the sum of £383 6s. 8d. as insurance for twelve months on the life of the then obscure, but now historical William Gibbons. The return for the risk was eight per cent. William Gibbons, one suspects, was a shrewd gentleman who knew more of his state of health and strength and expectation of life than the underwriters; and possibly the idea had not yet occurred to these gentlemen, shrewd though they were, of bringing in two other great factors of modern insurance, namely, medical examination, and the expectation of life, with its almost unerring accuracy.

At all events, what happened was that while the contract with William Gibbons was dated 18th June, 1583, and was for twelve months, William Gibbons died on the 29th May, 1584. The underwriters resorted to the devices of the law, claiming that twelve months in law meant twelve times twenty-eight days, and that therefore William Gibbons had not died within the insured period. The court decided against the underwriters; and thus it was in an obscure shop in the heart of the City of London and on the life of an obscure and, as it turned out, dying citizen dwelling in those parts, that Life Insurance began.

(A continuation of this story will appear in next week's issue.)

Don't take bad treatment lying down—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

THE PUSSYFOOT PLOT.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES OF WIDESPREAD CONSPIRACY TO MAKE BRITAIN DRY.

THE Prohibitionist Plot has entered on a new, a most sinister phase. Pussyfoot Johnson has established a modest office in Fleet Street, with a small, though highly-trained staff—and backed by unlimited funds. With these, he is launching a new campaign—a campaign that demands the careful attention of all who value personal freedom and detest hypocrisy—for, like the Tubes, its workings will be underground. In this new kill-joy effort Pussyfoot will be carefully camouflaged. The American origin of the movement will never be suspected, it is hoped, by the public. Pussyfoot commands money, and has arranged to work through the "Free" Churches and the teetotal fanatics in the Anglican Establishment. He will pull the strings and they will dance to his bidding.

"DON'T MENTION IT."

Nothing will be said about Prohibition. That would draw attention to its failure in America; to the fact that it has resulted in secret drinking and drug-taking, in disaffection and corruption all round—to such an extent that the Prohibitionists themselves denounce it. Instead, Pussyfoot's new move will be to impose, through his English allies and agents, such new and more drastic restrictions of the poor man's club (i.e., the public-house) as will make its disappearance easy—in fact, "the next step in temperance reform." Public apathy is responsible for this new assault on our liberties. But, after all, are the public to blame? As Professor Saintsbury has put it: "There was a time, not so long ago, when we could afford to treat the adversaries of honest drinking with a good-natured rather lazy contempt. They punished themselves and they could not hurt us." Well, that time has passed. To-day, we must bestir ourselves—for, as Mr. Stephen Leacock recently warned us, a crusade of the same kind that forced

Prohibition on America is to be organised against the British Isles, "financed by the same feeble-minded philanthropy and inspired by the same brutal and intolerant fanaticism." It is high time that the public realised the danger. First of all, the Pussyfoots are going to insist that short hours mean less drinking. They have already succeeded in bullying the Licensing Justices to close the public-houses at 10 o'clock at night (instead of 11 as Parliament intended) in all but the West End of London. Unless we take steps to fight them, the kill-joys will close the Piccadilly district also, and deputations of Pumpuritan Councils, led by anæmic curates and teetotal Bishops, will protest that the earlier public-houses are closed, the "less harm" they do. This is nonsense. For, as the "Licensing Statistics" published by the Home Office show, convictions for drunkenness have been actually lower in some "uncontrolled areas"—such as Herefordshire and West Suffolk—than in neighbouring "controlled areas" like Worcestershire and East Suffolk. But this does not matter to the kill-joys on the Bench. The workman will find it impossible to get himself a glass of beer, should he go to a show or stay late at work; but the fact that he goes to bed thirsty will not make any odds to the "temperance reformer"—who is out, if he cannot stop drinking, to shut up the tavern—one of the most ancient and, as Dr. Johnson declared, one of the most innocent of human institutions.

THE OVERCROWDED BAR.

And to close the tavern, Pussyfoot—knowing that absolute Prohibition is impossible—will resort to another device. He will demand the extinction of more licences and insist that we ought to do with fewer public-houses. Long ago, Mr. Gladstone denounced the idea that this helped temperance "as little better than an

imposture." To-day, the temperance reformer knows it to be that and nothing else. But he supports it because the overcrowded, uncomfortable bar is easy to denounce and difficult to defend. It has all the disadvantages of a drinking shop—none of the charm, the geniality and overflowing good spirits of the tavern. For that reason, the Pumpuritan kill-joys desire to perpetuate the very evil that they have created, and it is very significant to note that they have been supported by those whose avowed object is to overturn the existing social system and to substitute Bolshevism. Stiggins and Blusterowski are strange allies but—they are at one in this matter. The only solitary instance in Scotland where "No Licence" polled well during the recent Local Option struggle, was in a certain notorious centre of Bolshevik disaffection.

SOCIAL HABITS v. SOCIALISM.

After all, we need not be very surprised. If we wanted to get the British workman into a thoroughly hasty frame of mind, we should, first of all, cut off his supply of beer and, secondly, deprive him of the fellowship that, for all its faults, one may still find in a public-house. Hence, no doubt, those Socialists who believe in regulating everybody else's life for him are demanding "the abolition of the public-house"—vide Sir Leo Chiozza Money at the Stockport Election. And from that to Prohibition is an easy step. It is time that the anti-Puritans bestirred themselves and took the field. Too long we have been accustomed to take these attacks upon our liberties lying down. We ought now to make our voices heard in protest, and to organise in every town, borough, and district so as to counteract the tyranny of the Little Bethelite juntas. The vast majority of the people are on the side of freedom. All they need is cohesion and a lead.

SMALL POWER AND QUICK RETURNS.

HOW A FIRM REFILES SCHOOLBOYS' MONEY-BOXES.

The Harborne Small Power Company is a Birmingham concern which advertises widely its readiness to supply anything from a model steam engine, complete, ready for work, at 15s., 21s., or 32s., down to special cheap telephone sets at 1s. 6d. Among their striking bargains is a box of "electrical experiments" at 3s., postage 6d. A boy of our acquaintance, having been given three shillings and sixpence by his mother with which to purchase himself some little thing for Christmas, sent this money to the Harborne concern on December 14th, but Christmas Day passed without any acknowledgment. His father was appealed to, as nothing had arrived, and wrote a letter to the firm, pointing out that the counterfoil of the postal order sent by the lad was in his possession, and asking for an explanation. On January 4th he received a packet of rubbish worth about twopence which, notwithstanding the charge of sixpence made for postage, had been conveyed for only threepence. The contents consisted of a piece of brown paper about 3 inches square, a scrap of tin slightly larger, a glass rod 4 inches long, a bundle of wire, a strip of zinc, a piece of carbon about 4 inches long, and a minute electric lamp without a bulb. It is notable that there was not a particle of broken glass in the package, thus indicating that the electric lamp was defective before it was dispatched. Accompanying, there was a printed sheet explaining the wonderful electrical experiments which could be carried out with this material. We recommend the Harborne Small Power Company to mend their ways.

"SAVAGE TAXATION."

EXASPERATED WORKERS ON THE WARPAT.

There are over 2,200 affiliated concerns in the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, and the gross membership is close upon a million-and-a-quarter. When an army like this gets on the move, something's got to go. Wherefore we are glad to read in the official organ of the Union, the "Club and Institute Journal," that this week sees the opening of a campaign for cheaper beer. They contend, and with reason, that the reduction of brewers' charges and the lowering of taxation should, and must, follow upon the reduction of wages. The present taxation of beer is 13 times above that of pre-war days. "Brewers ought not to charge clubs at the same rate as 'tied' houses," the editor contends. Also, "there must be a reduction in the savage taxation of beer-drinkers." In 1914 the impost on a barrel of beer was only 7s. 9d.; in 1920 it was £5; and to-day, when the war is almost ancient history, half of what a man pays for the beverage goes in taxation. The cost of raw materials, workmen's wages and transport is much reduced, yet the brewer charges the publican the same—in consequence of which the price cannot be reduced to the consumer. Beer is almost as necessary to the average Englishman—especially the worker—as beef. We only wish it were practicable to organise a boycott of beer among the million-and-a-quarter members of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. Many outside the fold would join in sympathy. We venture to predict that within a week prices would come down with a rush. And high time, too.

THE "MYSTIC EIGHT" PUZZLE.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS IN EXCITING CONTEST.

The enormous entry for the "Mystic Eight" Puzzle has at last been examined, and below are given the names, addresses and prizes awarded to the ten successful solutionists in the most fascinating puzzle problem of modern times:

FIRST PRIZE, £300.—A. T. Holt, 46, St Augustine's Road, Camden Town, N.W.1.

SECOND PRIZE, £100.—A. Morris, Cottage Gardens, Westgate, Kent.

THIRD PRIZE, £50.—H. S. Hawkins, Box Cottage, Kingston Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.

FOURTH PRIZE, £15.—Geo. Stammers, The Hut, Summer Gardens, East Molesey, Surrey.

FIFTH PRIZE, £10.—W. Gelder, 22, Knight Street, Parkinson Lane, Halifax.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH.—Mrs. M. Brown, 184A, Magdalen Street, Colchester; Mrs. H. A. Wrighton, The Tilt, Cobham, Surrey; Frank Williams, Tweenways, Liphook, Hants; Miss Rose Weatherall, Market Street, Liskeard, Cornwall; W. A. Gosney, Queen Street, Liphook, Hants.

The special Christmas Prize of £20 has been awarded to F. T. Schofield, 603, Yoker Road, Scotstoun West, Glasgow, who was able to devise as many as 47 correct solutions.

Under the special "Starred Box" offer awards of £5 each have been made to the following claimants:—

Miss P. Johns, 8, Blechford Terrace, Southampton West; J. R. McDowell, Belfast Municipal Sanatorium, Whiteabbey, Ireland; S. Blake, 49, York Road, Salisbury; Miss M. E. Martin, 24, Trafalgar Road, Winton, Bournemouth; G. R. Champenowne, 11, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, W.8.

Cheques have been forwarded to all the above.

That bright idea of yours—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

SIR HARRY LAUDER.

NOBODY in this world is ever paid more than he is worth. Nobody in this world is ever paid less than he is worth. I have always tried to get all that I am worth when the treasury man comes round every week."

The speaker was Sir Harry Lauder, who about twelve months ago to-day delivered the above remarkable statements when I was sitting with him and Sir Alfred Butt in a private room at the Palace Theatre.

I entirely disagree with the sentiments expressed so bluntly by Harry Lauder; but I know him to be an absolutely sincere man, and will deal with him as gently as possible—as his Candid Friend.

Let us be quite plain about things. In the first place, I am perfectly sure that Harry Lauder never deserved his Knighthood, because I feel certain that he broke the rule governing the presentation of this honour in these days and declined to buy it. In the second place, I am sure he is a sincere and honest citizen, who has lived a very decent and homely life, and has deserved considerable success as a singer of comic Scottish character songs.

Years ago I knew a certain Harry Lauder who was a grossly under-paid artist when he was singing four or five songs every evening at Gatti's Music Hall at Charing Cross for a few pounds a week. To-day, I know a certain Sir Harry Lauder who is a grossly overpaid artist singing echoes of the old songs, and the old songs themselves, in America, Canada and Great Britain. In my opinion, art and genius do not command their immediate just reward in this world. Time and chance govern so many things in this life.

Now, if Lauder was at my elbow he would burst into a loud laugh and say: "Ah, my boy, but the man who's worth the big money is the fellow who takes hold of Time and Chance and uses them for all he's worth."

When I first saw Lauder on the music-hall stage he was practically raw from the pits. He had suffered labourious days for very little money. His childhood had been one of hardship and sacrifice. He was a person well schooled in the cruel university of life. When he came to conquer London as an Irish comic singer with a song called "Callaghan, Call Again," I watched his progress with intense interest. He was a very bad Irish comedian, but he soon showed us that he could sing a Scottish chorus song with inimitable character and spirit. He had a sympathetic voice, in which there was—and still is—a distinct note of pathos, and he also possessed a most infectious manner. He made you laugh with him rather than laugh at him. And he has always had the gift of making you sing with him.

This gift of communicating your own goodwill and good spirits to audiences all over the world is one of the greatest of the theatrical talents.

As an artist I could never seriously compare him with great geniuses of the music-hall like Dan Leno, Albert Chevalier, Marie Lloyd, Eugene Stratton, and the ribald George Robey.

A first-rate artist, yes; and one who has benefited immensely from the fact that every one of his fellow Scotsmen who has migrated south of the Border considers himself to be Lauder's personal and private press agent! But not great amongst the greatest. Delightful, wholesome, human and amusing always, but just lacking that illuminating spark—that rare and indefinable something—which is the certain sign of genius.

So much for Lauder the artist. Now let us just look for a moment at Lauder the man.

To begin with, you must disabuse your mind entirely of the innumerable stories about his alleged "meanness." Almost every one of us knows one or two "Lauder Stories." All these stories bear a close resemblance to each other, and portray Lauder as a walking miser, giving nothing to anybody, and taking everything that comes his way. This legend is utterly and entirely untrue, and I will tell you how it came into being.

As I mentioned, Lauder started from very humble beginnings. He saw the Great Ones of his profession treating managers to champagne, dispensing "fivers" to hopeless derelicts, and tipping scene-shifters like fairy princes. He lived to see many of these generous souls buried in the poorest graves, and, incidentally, helped to bury them. While their money was being dissolved in champagne and cigar smoke, the ex-pit boy was saving every penny that came his way for the old people at home, and for his own family. At the present moment I have no hesitation in saying that Sir Harry Lauder is one of the most charitable men alive. But his charity is systematised. He even employs a staff to administer it. Any call for help is carefully investigated, and if found worthy is responded to. There is no blowing of trumpets about the matter and no advertisement.

Perhaps it's not our way of extending charity, or of doing those little acts of kindness so sweet in life. We who belong to the fellowship of JOHN BULL probably put our hands into our pockets and do our best for any fellow man who is "down and out" without asking any questions. But, despite this fact, we can take off our hats to a man like Lauder who goes on with extraordinary patience and caution doing his best for his fellow men according to his lights and that temperament which was originally moulded in a hard, rough and uncompromising school of life.

Believe me, there is great humanity here beneath all the hardness. I saw it in his tears when one night on the Shaftesbury stage he told me of his only son's death in the war, and those tears were evidence of a sorrow which he will never outgrow.

As an artist, I can never understand why Harry Lauder was ever knighted. As a man, I could only wish that our Prime Minister could find such true knights every day.



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Impaired vision is rarely an affliction which sweeps down on one. It is an insinuating complaint—often claiming its toll of headaches and discomfort before you realise the cause. When you do at last awake to the fact and secure correct glasses, your reward is something more than clear vision. Headaches and that vague feeling of being "off colour," caused by eyestrain, disappear. If in doubt about your eyes remember that a quick but scientific testing of your sight is a free service at Bloom's. Should you need glasses these will be supplied at fixed reasonable prices.

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You've got a grievance, haven't you? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I am very glad, if I may say so, that at the opening sitting of the Cannes Conference you so vigorously "kept our end up." It is idle to deny that for a long time past there has been a tendency on the Continent to underrate the sacrifices endured by Great Britain during the war, and I trust your outspoken protest may serve to remove any misconception upon this point among those whom we were proud to fight with as Allies and are no less eager to retain as friends. There is seldom anything lost by candour in international dealings. As regards the General Election, I will say nothing at the moment, although you may rely upon it that when it does come along I shall not be tongue-tied.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord St. Vincent, Strensall.

MY LORD,—Have you ever heard of *noblesse oblige*? It is true the maxim is seldom translated into the everyday duties of life, but it is apparently reserved for the high occasions when blue-blood comes up to the scratch while the common carmine fluid revokes. I agree that a lord should not be treated as an ordinary person, but that does not mean that he may order and consume, perhaps with gusto, fish for which the fishmonger has paid good money, and then, having successfully been "not at home" for six years, when the bills arrive, plead the Statute of Limitations. In future, you may rely on your fishmonger, at any rate, when you order cod, to write it in large letters on the invoice—C.O.D.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William H. Castell, Wood Street, Brighton.

DEAR BILL,—You are a sad dog, but a lucky one. Just out of prison after doing six months for bigamy, you returned to your lawful wife and begged her to take you back again. At first she refused, but when you took the nippers in your arms and kissed them, she relented and promised to give you another chance. This was a splendid stroke of good fortune for you, in view of the fact that you were to be summoned next day for £27 10s. arrears on a Maintenance Order. You appear to have got a good wife, and I hope you will keep your resolution to turn over a new leaf. It is something to your credit that you admitted you had been a "bad man." I don't want to rub it in, but for the sake of those youngsters who brought about the reconciliation, try to run straight.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P.

DEAR WINSTON,—Really you are the last man in the world I should have thought of as a suitable person to be Chairman of a Committee whose task it is to bring about drastic economies at the War Office. The most searching examination of your public record reveals hardly a single episode which points to the possession of a frugal mind. I cannot say exactly how many millions of the British taxpayers' money you have been responsible for squandering in one part of the world and another, but the total sum, if we had saved it instead of spending it, would in all certainty go far towards redeeming a great part of our National Debt. And now you are brought back post haste from the Riviera to see that other people do not waste our substance in riotous living. My hat!

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Garvin E. A. Petrie, Hughenden House, Cradley Road, Cradley Heath.

SIR,—It is evident that a man of your position and intelligence ought to know better than to drive a motor-car while in a state of drunkenness. From the evidence given against you, I find that the other day you drove your car into a milk-float and knocked the wheel off. One of these days, if you are not more thoughtful in your habits, you will very likely drive it into a brewery and knock somebody's head off. I don't think 42s. and 15s. the milk-float-man's expenses can be regarded as an excessive impost in your distressing case. In the future, pray drink wisely and not too well.

JOHN BULL.

To H. A. Barker, Esq., Manipulative Surgeon, 12a, Park Lane, W.

DEAR MR. BARKER,—I note with extreme gratification that a new memorial, signed by a famous Field-Marshal and nine distinguished Generals, has been presented to the Premier praying him to find some means of recognition of your "devoted services during the war." It is intolerable that in a society which rewards the "public work" of tradesmen such a lifetime of unselfish and superlative effort as yours should need anything more than the mere performance to win full recognition by Sovereign and people. It may be that this last effort will fail, but so long as there are "lame" that walk, and "halt" that now move in gladness, these living testimonials of your skill speak more eloquently of worth than any pinchbeck "honour" or cheap alphabetical combination.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. E. Read, The World's Fair, Islington.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great satisfaction your decision to withdraw the act in which a trained elephant was principal performer, and to keep the animal on exhibition only. I am willing to accept your assurance that there was no cruelty involved in the performance, but the opinion of a section of the audience appeared to be that there was, and I consider you are as wise as you are humane to bow to their wishes. The faintest suspicion of cruelty is sufficient to spoil the pleasure of the sensitive spectators. Congratulations on your consideration and discretion.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Park Goff, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR PARK,—I am very pleased to notice that you have made a public statement to the effect that British subjects numbering 30,000 have been reduced to abject poverty by the confiscation policy of the Russian Soviet Government, and have expressed the opinion that their wrongs should be redressed before appeals are encouraged for Russian famine victims. Having strenuously supported the principle that Charity begins at home, especially in regard to sufferers from the war, you will understand with what sincerity and conviction I further your desire that these unfortunate sufferers should be relieved before money is diverted to aliens. It is quite true, as you say, that the present Government appears to guard the interests of everyone except British subjects.

JOHN BULL.

To J. C. Mitchell, Esq., Secretary, Underground Railways, Broadway, Westminster.

DEAR SIR,—Surely you can find space enough in the miles of catacomb-like tunnels through which passengers have to travel daily without plastering up the windows of the trains with a variety of admonitions in such a manner that it is almost impossible to ascertain at which station the train has stopped—especially on the original "Tuppenny Tube." Travellers with highly sensitive olfactory organs assure me that they can distinguish between Oxford Circus and Chancery Lane, but all passengers are not so gifted, and the majority are quite unable to discover from the cries of the conductors what their momentary location may be. Besides, is it not illegal so to obscure the view from public vehicles? You may presently find yourself in an awkward situation when you endeavour to prosecute someone for travelling beyond the station indicated on his ticket.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



Faith to put the whole world right, Lloyd George ignores Old England's plight: If from his stiffs he would descend, And studied us, our trials might end.



Charles Hawtrey and Du Maurier Both got their knighthood the same day: The fact all playgoers will delight, Who've owed them pleasure many a night!



Winston the others join at Cannes, But golf, on this occasion, bans: Instead, he furiously paints, And makes the golfers far from saints.



Poor Orpen, slave of nicotine, Through an unpleasant time has been: Also! Low low the Demon "Fog" The famous sad robust can drag!

"If your 'dark cloud' has no 'silver lining'—Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN:

By "THE WAYFARER."

GLEANINGS FROM TRACK,
FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

Chelsea's Centre Forward.

I should not be at all surprised if Chelsea and J. G. Cock parted company in the near future. Obviously here is a case where holding out for a heavy transfer fee is doing no good either to club or player. As I have said before, there are deep-seated reasons why Cock cannot consistently reproduce his best form at Stamford Bridge. His appearance at a local music-hall does not mean he intends voluntarily giving up a game with which he is very much in love, but Cock is wise in his generation. He is merely looking ahead.



Special Training.

Now that the First Round of the F.A. Cup is over—or practically so—and we are busy considering Second Round prospects, it is not out of place to refer to the subject of special training for Cup Ties. For the life of me, I cannot see why eleven men, with nothing else to do all the week except keep fit for ninety minutes' play on the Saturday, should need to go away because one match is a Cup Tie and not a League game. (The idea that they get stale because they see the same training quarters every day is just a fetish. A professional footballer gets three months' change at least every year; a professional man, who has to keep mentally and physically fit every day of the week, has a month at the outside. Is our whole business system wrong?)

Unpleasant Memories.

Mr. Adam Scott, the owner-trainer of Whittingham, no doubt has unpleasant memories of the recent Manchester and Bogside meetings. Although the *Sporting Life* pointed out that Hectic was not eligible to compete for a race at Manchester, Mr. Scott ran his horse, with the result that after Hectic won she was disqualified and the owner fined £25 for carelessness. At Bogside Mr. Scott ran three horses for the Ravenspark Hurdle and declared to win with D'Amade, but the winner turned up in Harrismith, one of his other runners. The result has caused no end of trouble and misgivings to backers—and even layers—of "Scott's Selected," and they were many.

"Mr. Donoghue is a Jockey."

Apparently there is at least one place in London where Steve Donoghue, our champion jockey, is unknown, for recently a letter on behalf of the Controller of the Clearing House Enemy Debts was sent to the Secretary of the Jockey Club, asking him to assist in tracing Donoghue, "who, it would appear, is a jockey and presumably a member of your Club." Such is fame!

Lemonora's Owner in Honours List.

Mr. Joseph Watson, one of the peers in the New Year Honours List, ran his first horse under National Hunt rules when Trash finished third to Tuscan and Euphrosynus for the Juvenile Hurdle, at Newbury, recently. Comparatively a newcomer to the ranks of racehorse owners, Mr. Watson spent a lot of money on yearlings, and last season he gained many big successes—nine of his horses winning 20 events worth £18,400. In addition, Lemonora carried off the Grand Prix de Paris and £16,000.

Champion Rider of 1921.

But for a mishap which has kept him out of the saddle, Frank Wootton would no doubt have proved to be the champion rider under National Hunt rules for 1921, for he wound up the year only four points behind F. B. Rees, who, as was the case in 1920 (when he rode 64 winners), once again finishes at the head of the list with 65 winners. J. R. Anthony, who finished second in 1920 with 51 wins, now occupies the third place with 44. Rees' chief success last year was on Shaun Spadah in the Grand National.

Frank Wootton's Accident.

After Frank Wootton's tumble on Southampton, at Findon, it was once thought that the crack cross-country jockey would have to undergo an operation. His broken collar-bone, however, has been showing signs of rapid improvement lately, and he is hopeful of riding again during the next few days.

Victor Smyth's Successful Record.

Although Victor Smyth, the flat-race jockey, has so far failed to realise his ambition of riding a winner under National Hunt rules, he has performed very well with the few mounts he has had over hurdles. He crouches much lower in the saddle than any other jockey riding to-day. He was originally apprenticed to Dick Wootton, the father of Frank, and rapidly gained distinction as a jockey. He has won many good races during the past seven seasons, including two Cambridgeshire victories on Eos and Zinovia respectively.

A Great Rugby Half.

It was said, the other day, in one journal of great sporting repute, that an accident which kept W. J. A. Davies out of the English Rugby team would be a blessing in disguise. The writer was really paying Davies a compliment, because he implied that the team, as a whole, relied too much on Davies' genius as a match-winner. Well, the accident has happened, and Davies is not likely to play against Wales at Cardiff on January 21st. But I cannot think we have seen the last on the Rugby field of this brilliant stand-off half, whose sketch I give. Sportsmen in Scotland, Wales, and France, as well as in England, will wish him a speedy recovery.



World's Champion Sculler.

D'Arcy Hadfield, the new world's sculling champion—he beat Dick Arnst easily on the Wanganui—would still have been an amateur if the A.R.A. rules had allowed him to enter for the Diamond Sculls at Henley. But because Hadfield is "a manual worker," the only chance he had of obtaining the world's honours was to go out for the professional sculling championship.

Confused Ideas.

The recent Headmasters' Conference, with its somewhat confused ideas on sport in the schools, and the discussion by the Ling Society on the value, or otherwise, of games for girls, lends point to the suggestion—not a new one, but opportunely revived—of a census of sport, with proper medical tests, under the supervision of the Ministry of Health. It is only by such means that we should be able to know definitely whether rowing is really detrimental to boys of immature age, and football harmful to young womanhood—and the nation.

Willie Smith's Decision.

The decision of Willie Smith not to compete in the coming Professional Billiards Championship comes at an unfortunate time—for Smith. Smith is singularly short-sighted if he considers he will benefit financially to a greater extent by standing out of the Championship than by competing under the present conditions as to the share of the "gate." The B.A. and B.C.C. do not, as a matter of fact, care a jot whether Smith or Inman or any other of the players stay out. And the bad luck for Smith in this instance is that Newman should have made his record break on the day when the entries closed!

Should McConachy Win.

There are thus only five in the championship—Newman, Falkiner, Reece, McConachy, and the (as yet) unknown Second Division tournament winner. It looks very much as though Newman (see sketch) will carry off the honours again, but even supposing McConachy were able to overcome the handicap under which he suffers in this country and become the holder of the title, could Smith reasonably claim a match—as he has said he could? McConachy would be acting perfectly naturally and within his rights in touring this country and the Continent, and returning to New Zealand via Australia, as the official world's champion.



Carpentier and Cook.

Within a comparatively few hours of this issue being in the hands of readers, we shall know the result of the Carpentier-Cook contest at the Albert Hall. Nothing has happened since last week to make me alter my opinion that Carpentier will win after a hard struggle with a determined and capable opponent. I expect Australia to be compensated somewhat when Albert Lloyd and Dick Smith meet at the Albert Hall next Monday. But Smith is the most mechanically accurate boxer we possess, and Lloyd will have difficulty in getting past his long straight left.

Gummer and Kid Lewis.

Tom Gummer seems very confident of his chances against Kid Lewis at Brighton on the 20th, but I do not share his optimism. Lewis has greater experience and ringcraft, is quicker, and has as heavy a punch—in fact, all round he carries too many guns for the Rotherham man. But Brighton is keenly interested in the match, and I hope Jack Callaghan—just recovered from a sharp illness—has a bumper house.

Brief and to the Point.

Rathleague, the well-known eleven-year-old 'chaser, was so badly injured by a fall during a race at Folkestone that he had to be destroyed.

S. Harrison, the Bangor-on-Dee trainer, had a great day at Manchester, where he carried off three races with Ipso, Fruscino and Sherwood Forester.

Each of the Australian cricketers received £766 plus expenses as his share of the tour. What really is the difference between an amateur and a professional in Australia?

Some of the jockeys who rode in the recent big steeplechase at Leopardstown will have cause to remember the race, for J. Burns and J. Banahan were reported to the Irish National Hunt Committee, and nine other riders were fined £5 each for disobedience at the start. Distinctly an Irish stew!

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

Your troubles will end in smoke if you "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

IT is not surprising that the Bournemouth murder case is on everyone's lips, and I am certainly not among those superior persons who pretend to think that subjects of this sort are unfit for public discussion. On the contrary, I hold most strongly that in these matters of life and death it is the duty of every citizen to have a mind of his own, and in what I have to say I do not propose to gloss over the essential facts or to pay respect to any interests save those of truth and justice. It is possible, of course, that by the time these lines are in print the murderer of poor Irene Wilkins may have been laid by the heels, and the ghastly tragedy of her death will then have entered a stage where only the practising lawyers can safely tread. In the meantime, however, the right of comment is unreserved, and I desire to register my firm conviction that the failure of the police for so long to arrest the murderer of this unhappy girl is the clue to a scandal of the first dimensions. In view of the interest the case has aroused, there is surely no need to labour the tragic facts. This young woman was savagely done to death on the outskirts of a populous town by an assassin who was apparently at no pains to conceal his tracks. The clues in the hands of the local police were of a nature which should have made it impossible for the felon to elude his captors. Nevertheless, the methods of detection were as faulty as the callous ruffian's brutal death-trap was sure, and, as I write, the vile miscreant goes free.

The Great Unavenged.

Now, it is no use to tell me that this sort of thing is inevitable. I simply do not believe it. Unless the failure of the local police to effect the prompt arrest of the Bournemouth murderer teaches us to overhaul our detective methods and demand from the police authorities generally an account of their stewardship, we must be held to have forfeited that reputation for sturdy common sense which once belonged to the British people. Oh, but, you may tell me, a criminal in these days is often of a highly-educated type, and an occasional police failure is bound to occur. Occasional, forsooth! Let me see if at random and from memory I can mention the names of one or two other victims whose spirits have joined that of Irene Wilkins in the ranks of the Great Unavenged. There was poor little Violet Mansfield, found dead and outraged in a shrubbery at Farnham, and no trace of her assailant ever discovered, in spite of "clues" that would have warmed the heart of "Sherlock Holmes." Then, all in the course of last year, there was the case of Miss Lawn, the Cambridge shopkeeper, of whose murder the man Clanwaring was accused, and, after a searching trial, very properly acquitted; the murder of Mrs. Ridgley, at Hitchin; and the Bushey murder, when Miss Henrietta Weightman was found dead in a half-built villa—all trace of her assailant being lost in a maze of confused and ineffectual inquiry. All these cases—and others—are fresh in the public mind.

Amazing Police Failures.

These, of course, are the sensational crimes which stagger the imagination and almost by accident, as it were, direct attention to the shortcomings of the police system. Where the victim is a woman sentiment comes to the aid of justice, and there are loud protests that the failure to detect and punish these abominable outrages is a blot upon our British civilisation. Never a year passes without some such tragedy of undiscovered crime. No one yet knows who murdered Bella Wright, who was shot at Gaulby, in Leicestershire, in July, 1919. A similar mystery surrounds the fate of Nurse Shore, who, in circumstances of the most brutal horror, was done to death in a railway train between Victoria and Lewes, in January, 1920. But these, as I say, are the exceptional cases in which the atrocity of the crime serves to lift it out of the common ruck and focus upon it the searchlight of public scrutiny. To fathom the full extent of the evil in question and understand how lamentably the existing police system falls short of the requirements of a civilised nation, we must have recourse to the "Judicial Statistics, England and Wales," published under the authority of the Government from time to time. The last complete year for which figures are available is 1919, and this fact alone affords a not uninteresting sidelight upon the apathy of the authorities in regard to this vital matter. However, let us see. The first Return

NINETY-THREE MU

Bournemouth Police Fiasco—Amazing Returns of

By TH

to which I call attention relates to what are known as "indictable offences," those more serious delinquencies which are tried at Assizes and Quarter Sessions—when the criminals are caught! I fancy it will come as a shock to most of my readers to learn that under our present system of police administration nearly a third of the crimes of this nature reported to the authorities are committed by persons who elude the clutches of the law. The actual figures, culled from the official Returns for the last few years, are as under:—

Year.	Indictable Offences known to the Police.	Persons Tried for Indictable Offences at Assizes, Quarter Sessions and Summarily.	Undiscovered.
1914 ..	89,387	58,559	30,828
1915 ..	77,972	55,535	22,437
1916 ..	80,653	58,617	22,036
1917 ..	88,864	63,005	25,859
1918 ..	87,762	58,371	29,391
1919 ..	87,827	53,541	34,286

In case readers may wish to know in greater detail the sort of offences which fall within the category of undiscovered crime and the kind of "angels" whom they may be entertaining unawares, through this alarming paralysis of the arm of justice, I venture to analyse this amazing report a little more closely. For instance, I find that out of 1,182 cases of rape and indecent assault reported



"It's plain, my friend, that we must end
Your methods antiquated;

MURDERERS AT LARGE.

of Undetected Felons—None Safe from the Assassin.

THE EDITOR

to the police in the year 1919, only 778 eventuated in the arrest and trial of the individuals guilty. I will come to murder in a minute, and, in the meantime, I append the figures for the crimes which, while generally known as "offences against property," may nevertheless be of such a nature as to inspire considerable terror in the breasts of law-abiding citizens. This time, I quote entirely from the Judicial Statistics for 1919, with the proviso that the average for preceding years shows very little variation from the figures given:—

Nature of Offence.	Indictable Offences known to the Police.	Persons Tried for Indictable Offences at Assizes, Quarter Sessions and Summarily.	Undiscovered.
Burglary ..	998	280	718
House-breaking	4,456	775	3,681
Shop-breaking ..	6,742	2,439	4,303
Robbery with Violence ..	203	106	97
Arson	178	121	57

It comes to this, therefore, that if my house is broken into to-night the odds are something like three to one that without the formality of a criminal trial the burglar, having disposed of his swag, will be quietly "restored to his friends and his relations." If the offence takes place in the daytime—which makes it "house-breaking"



It's time, in fact, that you were sacked Or superannuated!"

instead of "burglary"—the chances are nearly six to one that the daring thief will escape. If I am knocked over the head with a bludgeon and my pockets rifled, it is roughly an even-money chance that the ruffian will go scot free. As regards murder, the facts and figures are simply appalling. Out of 176 murders committed in the year 1919, as many as 93 were followed by no arrest whatever—while of the 83 persons tried, several were pronounced "not guilty," there being no sufficient evidence to justify their conviction. This surely is a matter of intimate personal concern to every citizen, for, as Daniel Webster told us: "Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life." It is an unfortunate fact that crimes of violence are on the increase, and I am very much afraid that the later Returns will show a still more alarming discrepancy between the number of outrages committed and the aggregate of prisoners brought to trial. It is no mere accident which enables a murderer to indulge his blood-lust to the fullest extent, and then, without the exercise of any special ingenuity, to dodge his pursuers and cheat the gallows. Far better than the present reign of terror would be a revolution in our police methods, inspired and directed by a lively recognition of the sacredness of human life.

The Outstanding Defect.

First and foremost, we ought to have a truly national police system, with its headquarters at Scotland Yard and authority to act promptly and effectively in case of need throughout the Kingdom. What has happened at Bournemouth is a positive scandal. If we must appoint, as the heads of the County Constabularies, retired Army Officers, with no special police experience, then in the name of all that is sane and reasonable let us take steps to ensure that their stupid obstinacy shall not hinder the work of criminal investigation. It is useless to blame Scotland Yard, for, as things are at present, the local Police Forces are a law unto themselves, and until they, in their wisdom, choose to call in the skilled assistance of the Criminal Investigation Department the Metropolitan Headquarters are powerless to act. It is a pity the House of Commons is not sitting, otherwise, perhaps, the Home Secretary might have been urged to make such representations to Major S. A. B. Warde, the Chief Constable of Hampshire, as would have constrained him, before it was too late, to hand over to the experts at Scotland Yard a task which had proved too much for the resources of the local police. In the name of the common citizens of this realm, whose lives are as precious as the most exalted in the land, I demand that this tragic fooling shall cease.

A Saner System.

We need, as I say, a national detective organisation, with its headquarters in London and its ramifications in every corner of the Kingdom. Then in such cases as the murder of Bella Wright, or of Violet Mansfield, or of Irene Wilkins, the best-trained experts would be on the ground within a few hours, exhausting every clue that might lead to the arrest of the felon before he had had the chance to cover his tracks. Apart from the heavy charges which fall upon the local rates, the police system at present in vogue is responsible for £6,741,474 in the Parliamentary Estimates, and we ought, in my opinion, to be given far better value than at present for our money. There are several minor matters with which I might deal if I had space, but I am anxious to concentrate on the main issue. It would obviously be an advantage if a good deal of the grandmotherly legislation which keeps the police busy without adding anything to the safety or comfort of the community could be swept away, and so leave them free to attend to their real work, which is the prevention and detection of serious crime. But the main thing is to ensure that the best brains in the detective service of the country shall be available at any moment for special tasks, and wherever the need may arise, and I shall not rest content until public opinion is thoroughly aroused to the peril of the existing situation. These pitiful victims of the felon's lust for blood are silent witnesses to the shame of a system which could neither defend them in life nor avenge them in death. In this matter, a clear and direct responsibility lies at the door of every citizen. The blood of the innocent cries not only to Heaven, but to clean-hearted men and women for the vengeance that is just.

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."
JOHN BULL, 19th August, 1916.

Jolly Jack Tar:—It's a big heart that Jack has. He was at Limehouse the other evening from H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*—a goodly number of him, he and his "best girl," entertaining 800 poor children with tea, and dance, and song. The idea started with Captain Geoffrey Blake and the Rev. J. B. Moore, the *Queen Elizabeth's* Chaplain, who collected the funds on a recent pay-day. The kiddies did have a time, and Jack was as happy as they were.

A Black Experience:—Dialogue between Sir Alec Black, Grimsby, County Magistrate, and Edward Bateson, charged with stealing four fire-bricks and a coil of wire from his employers: "Were you a soldier?" "Yes, sir." "Then you are used to this sort of thing?" "No, sir." "You are an exception to most soldiers I know." The experience of Sir Alec Black must have been exceptionally unfortunate. Our suggestion to the soldiers who know him is that they should ask him what the—well, what he means by his insult.

Misplacing the Pension:—A glaring illustration of the farcical way in which the award of pensions has been carried out was furnished recently by two cases that came before the same Court. The first man stated that he joined up in May, 1919, and was discharged after eleven months' service with a weekly pension of one pound. The other man stated that he had been wounded four times in the war, and that he was not in receipt of a pension at all. The time has certainly come for an overhauling of awards, in order that public money may find its way into right pockets.

The Chauffeur's Lot:—Briefly, this is how a chauffeur laments his lot. He is an ex-Service man, and previous to enlistment had driven a private car for many years. He has been out of a job now for 12 months, without unemployment pay, because he is classed as a "domestic servant." He has a wife and two children. Even when he does see a likely advertisement it turns out to be a 14-hours-a-day job for £2 a week, with a car to wash and look after, boots to polish, coal to fetch up, and windows to clean. People who can afford to own cars ought to be compelled to pay a living wage for reasonable hours.

"Fermez la Porte!"—Which, being interpreted, means "Shut the door!" Which, also, seems to represent the policy of the Port of London Authority in regard to ex-Service men seeking work. A reader applied as long ago as April last year for a job as checker or assistant under this Authority, and was asked to call and produce his references. These being in every way satisfactory, he was told he was suitable. Soon after, however, he was curtly informed that he could not be given an appointment as he was a few days over thirty-five years of age. He has hammered at this door in vain ever since. It is all monstrously unfair.

Stranded in Sydney:—A leaflet issued by the Queensland Government deals in an exhaustive manner with the great possibilities presenting themselves in the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Scheme, and states clearly that land is set apart in Queensland for ex-soldiers, and that the maximum amount allowed for developing each allotment would be £1,200. On the strength of this alluring offer, many men have been induced to leave these shores for that sunny clime—to find on arrival that the leaflet had been withdrawn, and that the £1,200 offer was no longer available. Even the usual grant of £625 had been stopped! Why didn't the Queensland Government have the decency to inform everybody concerned?

In the Basement:—The kitchens of some of the swell London hotels conceal many a tragedy. Cooks and scullery hands, being unseen in the depths below, seem to be passed over when anything in the shape of reasonable consideration is handed out to the staffs. In the kitchen of one hotel which we could name there is to-day a shell-shocked ex-Service man, minus a thumb, who was engaged at 10s. a week, the management having learned that he "enjoyed" 11s. a week pension! It is hard to imagine meanness more base.

A Soldier's Protest:—One of our readers (late of the Royal Fusiliers) strongly protests against the decision of Sir J. O'Malley in the case of a man named de Ledeux, indicted at Oxford Quarter Sessions for "holding up" motor-cars, pitching plausible tales, and "borrowing" money from the occupants he terrorised. "De Ledeux," says the reporter, "offered to join the Army, and upon that condition Sir J. O'Malley bound him over." "Such a decision," comments our reader, "is an insult to good and upright men who gave their lives during the war." And we agree.

Some Trades Don't Eat:—Another ex-Tommy, W. J. Haste, late the Buffs, was given a year's training in agriculture—and there he finished, the Labour Exchange failing to find him work. He applied for Unemployment pay, and the Referees duly passed him as eligible. But the "dole" suddenly ceased, and only after many enquiries did he find that "Unemployment pay is not to be paid to agricultural labourers"! Why? The fresh air of the fields is invigorating, but is scarcely to be recommended as a steady diet.

Teaching the Board of Education:—A youthful assistant teacher joined up and fought throughout the war. The Managers of a Kent school recognised his efforts by appointing him as master, but the Board of Education refused sanction, alleging "lack of experience." The Managers sought help from the local M.P., pointing out that had their nominee been a "Conchy" he would have gained the experience. On a threat of bringing the matter before the House, the Board graciously relented. With a master who did his bit, and Managers who can do theirs at a pinch, the school in question should flourish.

Save the Chester!—Of what worth has the old *Victory* been in breeding the spirit of British seamanship! As Nelson immortalised that "wooden wall," so gallant Jack Cornwell, by his undying exploits at Jutland, made the good ship *Chester* a name to stir the blood and fire the hearts of all Old England's future sailors. But the Admiralty, with its dry-as-dust point of view, has doomed the *Chester* to the ship breakers. The Chatham people, however, are organising a strong demand for its preservation as a glorious memento and splendid example. Quite right, too!

Sevenpence an Hour:—Few unemployed ex-Service men can afford in these days to look askance at any rate of pay offered them, but when it comes to a Rural District Council offering 7d. an hour for road work, with the limitation of a 50 hour week—working out, after insurance deductions, at 28s—it seems to us that a protest should be made. The offending local authority in this instance is the Taunton Rural District Council. We can scarcely believe, as is suggested, that so wretched a rate of pay has been fixed by the Government. The least competent farm hand is paid more.

The Old Game:—The staff of the Royal Army Ordnance Depot at Aintree, Liverpool, has been reduced, the men shown the door being the Reservists, the Service-dodgers being kept on. Why is it that the Ordnance Corps is almost alone where this grievance is concerned?

It Seems Strange:—Patients in Ministry of Pensions Hospitals have their allowances docked 9s. a week, presumably towards the cost of food. Those in the Harrogate Hospital, who were granted a week's leave at Christmas, complain that the money was deducted while they were absent, and they cannot recover it. Why?

The New Way in India:—A number of Airmen left Quetta for home recently on demobilisation. Their chums were forbidden to go to the station to see them off and say "Good-bye," and the few men who disobeyed orders were hustled off the platform. In other days the soldiers would have been encouraged to speed the parting guests, and the band would have been there to play "Auld Lang Syne."

Showing Game.—J. R. Landringham, ex-soldier, of Hartlepool, played the game to the last—played it in death as he played it in life. Though he was in poor health and knew it, he insisted on acting as "outside right" in a football match for the benefit of the unemployed. He was taken ill at half-time and advised not to continue, but he wanted to "show game," he said. He resumed, only to collapse and die—that others might have bread.

Bilked?—When a soldier leaves the Service between October and March he is entitled to a free overcoat. We find that a number of men sent home from Egypt were recently discharged at Mill Hill and were refused the very necessary garment, although they applied for it with some vigour. True, they were offered their worn-out Army greatcoats if they paid 25s. for them—which they naturally refused to do. By the way, £1 was all that was given to the Tommies of the recent Army who returned their coats.

A Brave Man's Lapse.—William Thomas Dudley, 29, an engineer, of Dalton-in-Furness, was sentenced to six months' hard labour at the Lancaster Quarter Sessions for a series of frauds upon farmers. He was stated to have a splendid Army record, having served in the Dardanelles, Egypt and E. Africa. He was mentioned in dispatches for bravery, and was taken prisoner, but escaped. He pleaded for a chance to repay the money for the sake of his wife and child. We wish it had been granted him.

Teach Your Grandmother!—Harold Saywood, Myrtle Road, Brentwood, on joining up left a practically "life-job" as chauffeur. After a long dose of Salonica, with fever and neurasthenia resulting, he was awarded 9s. 10d. a week pension on which to support himself and two kiddies. Having no job, a benevolent Labour Ministry offered him "six months' training." He accepted, to find it was—as a chauffeur! Why not have dropped a limpet and given this deserving man a job, instead of going through the farce of "training" him to do something he could teach them?

Our Daily "Thank You":—From E. G. B.,—Lewes:—"I beg to thank you for your kindness in putting my case before the Ministry of Pensions. I received by first post the following morning the cheque for £35 due to me. Believe me, I am more than obliged to you for your valuable service."

Don't grouse—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

MOTHERHOOD AND MADNESS.

MAGISTRATES' ASSOCIATION ENDORSES OUR APPEAL FOR HUMANER ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW.

FOR many years past JOHN BULL has protested vigorously against the scandal of passing the death sentence on women whom it was never intended to execute, and at long last our crusade against this absurdity has met with valuable support from an official body. The Magistrates' Association, at their meeting last week, practically endorsed the view we have so often put forward, and demanded an alteration in the law. The facts are simple—as simple as they are absurd—and inhuman. During the seventeen years ending March 31st, 1921, sixty women were sentenced to death. One only was executed. Most of these were unmarried mothers, some little more than children themselves, who in a frenzy of terror and despair had killed the child of their love and shame. What happened in these cases? The Judge called upon the Chaplain to stand by him, placed the black cap on his head, and sentenced the prisoner "to be taken to a place of lawful execution and there hanged by the neck till you are dead," adding the solemn words, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul." All this amid a tense silence during which his words are punctuated only by the gasps of the writhing, tottering girl in the dock, who cannot conceive that it is all a mockery, and that the sentence will never be carried out—that it is an empty form.

THE DIGNITY OF THE LAW.

Now, it is because we believe in the law, and in a sane and wholesome respect for its forms, that we protest against the repetition of this cruel and senseless pantomime. If it is really necessary to pronounce sentences of death that are not going to be carried out, then we should

prefer that it should be done mechanically rather than that the Judges should be compelled to make themselves, and their office, ridiculous. They, as well as the prisoner, should be spared this ordeal. A callous girl, who knows the sentence is all "bogey," hears it with a disdainful smile. An imaginative, hysterical offender is often nearly rendered insane by a threat that every one else knows is empty, and receives an amount of sympathy and false adulation that she is by no means entitled to, and which causes the wrong done to the innocent child—for murder is always a wrong—to be forgotten.

WHY JURIES REVOLT.

This is deplorable. But worse remains, as the Magistrates warn us. Juries become so disgusted at the prospect of sitting through this farce, that they return verdicts of "Not Guilty," and the girl, who plainly deserves punishment, but not death, gets off scot free. The plain fact is that public opinion will not tolerate the carrying out of the death sentence in these cases. The hanging of women, save in rare cases, has ceased to be customary for many years—save in Prussia—and when the woman is an unmarried mother, decent men have the grace to remember that there are many things to be said; chiefly that, if the child lived, it would be punished scarcely less cruelly, and far more deliberately, by Society than by the distracted, semi-demented girl who in an agony of remorse and fear takes the life of which she has become the custodian. The false morality and hypocritical religion that bids her find a shame in motherhood, these should be on trial with her in the dock. That is impossible;

but equally impossible is it to hang these girls, some of whom to-day are tried—only to go unpunished. What is the remedy? That the present condition of affairs can continue is plainly impossible. Two suggestions at present hold the field. The first is that we should add to our Penal Code Section 338 (1) of the Criminal Procedure Act of the South African Government, which provides that in such cases a Judge may, at his discretion, impose a sentence other than that of death, although a verdict of murder be returned. The chief objection to this is that it will involve legislation. A simple Act of two clauses will suffice, you may say, but it is an almost insuperable difficulty in these times to get the politicians to do anything that is really useful. Besides, as somebody remarked to us, no real social reform Act gets a chance nowadays.

THE TRUE SOLUTION.

To our mind, a more excellent way is for the Judges to relieve themselves of this ghastly farce by directing juries to return a verdict of manslaughter, not murder, in these cases—not on the grounds of law, but of humanity and good feeling. True, this would be to coin a legal fiction. But even these have their uses. "Do not let us hang a man, gentlemen," said the great Lord Mansfield, "for the sake of fashion." Similarly we would say, do not let us even pass that dreadful sentence on a human being for the sake of being inside the law. No one will be any the worse, and the law itself will gain in strength and honour. The resolution of the Council of the Magistrates' Association is a useful lead

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. MICHAEL COLLINS.



"MORNIN', sir. Step right in. . . . Sorry, sir, but w'en I has another look at you, I see you are the sorter gen'l'man wot would step right in, w'ether I invited yer or not. An' w'y not? It's the sort. I like, to tell yer the truth—men wot know wot they think, wot they are, wot they want, an' 'ow to git it. . . . Sharin' ? Yessir. Take a seat 'ere. Strong men—

that's wot we want, an' wot we 'aven't got a lot of in this country. Most of the strong 'uns are abroad at present—Lloyd George an' cetra. But they seem to 'ave one or two in Ireland. An' Ireland can do with 'em. Not arf! I've noticed, too—I don't know w'ether you 'ave, sir!—thet the stronger the man the more generous-hearted an' chivalrous 'e is. Look at Michael Collins, of the Sinn Fein Irish Parliament. I must admit that my English sentiments is too strong to feel a lot o' sympathy for wot's called Irish aspirations, but I reconises a man, w'ether he's a Sinn Feiner or not. An' I call Michael Collins one. . . .

W'y this admiration for Collins? Well, I've got two reasons for it. There was that little affair in the Dail, the other day, when Countess Markievicz—if thot's the right way to pronounce it—made them nasty, jeerin' remarks about Princess Mary, suggestin' thet Viscount Lascelles was to be Governor-General o' the Irish Free State; thet the engagement between the Princess and the Viscount was to be broken off, an' thet she was to marry Michael Collins—nasty, mean, insinuat' things to say wot it takes a woman of the Countess's sort to think of. She ain't no sportswoman, else she wouldn't 'ave taken care to say them things w'en Michael Collins wasn't there. It's rotten to raise a silly laugh out of a chap w'en 'e ain't there to defend 'isself. But w'en Collins entered the 'Ouse later on an' learnt wot 'ad bin sed about 'im, 'e got up on 'is 'ind legs an' let the Countess 'ave it 'ot an' strong. 'E sed thet the lady 'oo's name was mentioned (meanin' the Princess) was betrothed to a gen'l'man. 'E sed thet the statement made by the Countess might cause the Princess pain, an' might cause pain to the lady wot Collins 'isself is engaged to. An' 'e finished up by sayin' thet 'e wouldn't allow, without challenge, any deputy to the Irish Parliament to insult any lady, either of this or any other nation. . . .

I don't know wot the Countess Mark somethink or other felt like arfter sich a tellin' orf, but she deserved every word of it. Then there was another little affair the other day wot some'ow makes me 'ave a sort sport in me 'eart for Michael. W'en Mr. Kay, the Irish correspondent of the Times, was kidnapped by a party of Sinn Fein irresponsibles, Michael Collins was furious, an' at once took steps to get the prisoner released. 'E don't want no dishonour brought on Ireland. . . . Wot are you lookin' so 'ot an' cross about, sir. I 'ope I 'aven't offended yer by speakin' so plain; but I feels 'ot on sich things. . . . Eh? You're Michael Collins 'isself? Cert'n'y thet explains it, Mister; an' I'm proud to meet yer, although I'm a Englishman wot doesn't believe in a Irish Republic. Becos you're a man, at any rate, an' stands up for a little lady wot we respects. Goo'-day, sir: an' thank you kindly.

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERNERS.

VISCOUNT GLADSTONE.

If I follow in the footsteps
Of the dear old dad—
The Grand Old Man!
(And I mean to if I can!)—
I shall reckon that my progress
Hasn't been half bad—
But—have—I—got—the—gump?

It's true I stood for Parliament
When very young,
Like the dear old dad
(Who was then a lively lad!)
But, though I bear his name, I've not
His golden tongue—
And—that—gives—me—the—hump!

PATTER: It is sometimes a very great disadvantage to be the bearer and living representative of a famous name, ladies and gentlemen. I'm suffering from it. One of the most unkind things a man can do to his descendants is to be great. Some unthinking idiots expect as much from the children of a celebrity as from the father—which is tosh. And, at the same time, it is very annoying. It was all right when father was alive, and I was his private secretary, becoming subsequently a Lord of the Treasury, Financial Secretary to the War Office, Under-Secretary to the Home Office, First Commissioner of Works . . . I will not be interrupted! . . . Chief Whip to the Liberal Party, Home Secretary, and the First Governor-General of South Africa. Not a bad record, is it?—thanks to father, of course! Of course! . . . There's no need for you all to shout it. I admit it! But you must confess I did some good work in South Africa. That was a ticklish job, you know, to settle the country after a nasty war, and reconcile conflicting interests between the late contending parties. But I fancy I've got a worse job than that coming on. I've been asked to organise the Liberal Party for victory at the forthcoming General Election! I wish father was alive! Of course, I'll try my best—but the Wee Frees take a bit of handling, you know; and I'm not so young as I was. The idea, naturally, is to provide a name around which the forces of Liberalism and Radicalism can rally.

(DANCE)

Rally round the son of the G.O.M. !
Let him be the figure-head
(At least, pro tem.)
Rally round the son of the Grand Old Man,
Whose name—in—history—towers!
Rally round the son of the G.O.M.,
And victory will be ours!

Will it? Who said "Will it?" Don't under-rate me, ladies and gentlemen, I've got a very fine future behind me, and you must not be surprised if I bring it to the front. Thanks to Asquith, Liberalism has been under a cloud for some time; but the sun in the shape of Gladstone's son is about to shine, and the mists of Coalition will be swept relentlessly away!

REFRAIN:

If I follow in the footsteps
Of the dear old dad—
The Grand Old Man!
(And I mean to if I can!)—
I shall have a sort of feeling
That I've—been—had
If I don't pull off the plan.
I'm glad to be a Gladstone—
Yes; it makes me glad
To follow in the footsteps
Of the dear old dad!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"TIT-BITS":—"The invalid's CHEST should be rubbed thoroughly, FRONT AND BACK, with warm camphorated oil."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Many motor-cars became embedded in deep drifts, and farm houses had to be obtained to pull them out."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO":—"Henry Perry . . . was PAID 5s. for assaulting Mark Dix."

"SELKIRK SATURDAY ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—"Remember TO-NIGHT IS OLD YEAR'S NIGHT. To-morrow everyone is full of hope to see what CHRISTMAS is going to bring them."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Nelson Lee was looking HALF grim, HALF grave, and HALF amused."

"MASCOT NOVELS":—"When Cecil got to Salt Hill House at last, HE TOOK EMMA'S FACE AND EYES WITH HIM."

"HALIFAX EVENING MAIL" (Canada):—"Wm. Dupont's chestnut MARE Montpelier Coronne won the Edgeware challenge cup for STALLIONS in harness."

"MORNING POST" (advertisement):—"Wanted, Good Cook. CAPABLE OF MANAGING ONE GENTLEMAN."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Mrs. . . . was blown down by the wind when walking along the street, and DIED FROM INJURIES RECEIVED IN HOSPITAL a few hours afterwards."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS ADVERTISER":—"The duties of BEST MAN were carried out by the bride's MOTHER."

"ISLINGTON DAILY GAZETTE":—"Having had NUMEROUS COMPLAINTS WITH REGARD TO RATES, the Bethnal Green Borough Council has arranged for the SUPPLY TO THE PUBLIC OF A RELIABLE RAT POISON."

"SOVEREIGN MAGAZINE":—"There was a NOISY SILENCE in the quiet grill-room."

"HULL DAILY MAIL":—"The cost of the work, for which it would be necessary to apply to the Electricity Commissioners for their SANCTITY, was: Mains, £65,126, etc."

"ANSWERS":—"The Severn Tunnel . . . is to have a new system of ventilation, one feature of which is a fan 27 FT. IN DIAMETER and 9 FT. IN WIDTH."

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY (leaflet):—"Day Trip Passengers return the SAME DAY from Paddington at 12.10 A.M. (MIDNIGHT)."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL" (advertisement):—"Rooms (superior) . . . for MARRIED COUPLE, OR OTHERWISE."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

Page 19 bears the heading "JOHN BULL'S Bargains," and its advertisements carry a special recommendation because of their quality and price. There are, of course, many other interesting items in the rest of the advertisement pages, amongst these being:—

The Black Cat Cigarette announcement on the front cover.

H. Samuel's low-priced jewellery and offer of free book of bargains.

Graves' Stainless Cutlery, which can be purchased on the hire system.

Riley's Billiard Tables, etc., obtainable on the first payment of 15s., the balance spread over a period.

Amongst the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 11, is an offer by Dobbie and Co. of their catalogue of seeds and plants, the large handsome book being sent free to readers mentioning JOHN BULL.

All JOHN BULL advertisements are covered by our Guarantee, which appears on page 19.

Didn't you say you'd "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

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Like the precious balms used by the Roman charioteers 2,000 years ago, Zam-Buk is of purely herbal origin. This super-balm is composed of rare vegetable extracts that endow it with unequalled healing soothing and germicidal powers.

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"QUEERIES," the fascinating new competition, is now running in the *London Mail and Passing Show*. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to answer, in not more than nine words, one or more of the "QUEERIES" given below. The Coupon below can be used for ONE QUEERY AND ONE ANSWER ONLY. Extra attempts can be sent on plain paper. A postal order at the rate of 6d. for each answer must be sent.



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No. 11 (J.B.)

Closing Date, Jan. 24th.

YOUR ANSWER MUST CONSIST OF NOT MORE THAN NINE WORDS.

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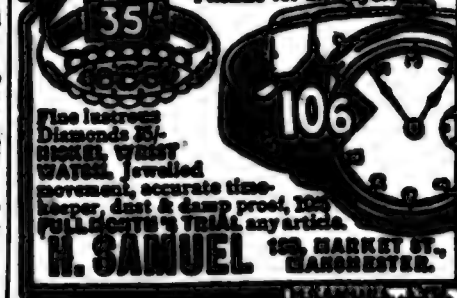
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Are you almost suffocated by a horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake at night? Don't suffer longer, but get **Potter's Asthma Cure**. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. The best remedy for bronchitis of children.

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A Free Trial together with a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you forward a 2d. stamp and

Sign this Form To-day and post it to the above address.

NAME

ADDRESS

John Bull

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Saved from a Pauper's Grave:—Out of work, an ex-Tommy had to face the world and battle for his wife and infant. The latter died, and the stricken father applied to the local Lord Mayor's Fund and other funds for help—without result. He then wrote to us, and we sent him the necessary financial assistance by return of post.

A Similar Story:—A workless man had just lost a little son aged four, whilst his baby was dying in hospital. A local "philanthropist" refused help, but offered to have the child buried by the Parish!

"Just Heard of It!"—It is surprising the number of letters we receive opening: "Having just heard of your Fund," etc. Most of the writers should go in for a course of memory training, as we find on reference to our index that they had heard of our Fund months ago and obtained relief from it. We immediately place such tryers-on upon our black list.

A Sheer Hulk:—An old man who put in 32 years' service as a bluejacket is now ashore without friends, and owing to his age cannot obtain a job even as a night watchman. We helped.

The New Arrivals:—As usual, we had during the week a sheaf of applications from workless men living on the "dole," whose wives were about to be confined, no preparation for the important and expensive event being possible without us.

Without Benefit or Dole:—An ex-gunner who went through some of the stiffest fights has a wife and seven youngsters to keep. He has no work or dole, existing on scant Parish relief. Making ends meet in such a case is harder than a jig-saw puzzle.

A SOLDIER'S FATE

LUCKLESS LOT OF AN EX-KENT BUFF.

A late Lance-Corporal of the Buffs, by name Christopher Miller, has claimed our help. Discharged from the Army with an excellent character after 4 years 201 days' service, he remained without regular employment for about eighteen months, when he started to hawk fish in the country round about the Ramsgate district. His meagre pension of 16s. a week, in compensation for gunshot wounds in the right arm, was not sufficient to enable him to buy the necessary stock. He has a wife and two children to support. He obtained an advance of £8 from a relative for the purpose of getting a pony, to enable him to cover a sufficient mileage on his rounds. On a frosty morning soon after the purchase, the pony slipped, fell, and had to be destroyed; and the unfortunate owner had again to resort to pushing a barrow, owing £8 for an animal that was dead. The prices ruling in the fish trade are almost prohibitive for the small buyer who hopes for profit.

DEADWEIGHT OF DEBT.

As the loss of his pony confined his operations to a smaller area, Miller's plight to-day is desperate. He owes not only for the cost of the pony, but also for two weeks' hire of his barrow. When he appealed to us he was in possession of exactly 1s. 4d. with which to buy stock, keep a wife and two children, and pay his rent. We have received a complete confirmation of his story from the Vicar of Ramsgate, who tells us, further, that this victim of successive misfortunes belongs to a local family which has done and suffered much in the war. Assured by this gentleman that Miller's case is deserving of the utmost sympathy and help, we have sent him a contribution from our Fund—not, perhaps, so substantial as we might wish, but as much as we can, in fairness to other unfortunates, afford.

WITH MANY THANKS.

"A. O. P. 75," 7d.; Mrs. D. G. (Darwen), 1s.; E. O. P., 2s. 6d.; A. F. (Walton-on-Thames), 2s. 6d. and parcel; A. L. G. (Blackheath), 2s.; W. A. H. (Chatham), 3s.; "Dot," 10s.; A. K. (Forest Gate), 10s.; L. S. (Bloomsbury), 2s. 6d.; "Wyn and Will," 5s.; A. C., 25s.; R. S. (Dartmouth), 2s. 6d.; J. A. (Bochdale), 6d.; N. B. (Blackburn), 1s.; J. P. (Waterloo), 3s.; H. S. (Kilmarnock), 1s.; "One Hasle-mere Turned Out," 1s.; T. S. (Reading), 6d.; M. C., 6d.; E. H. (Bath), 1s. 6d.; "Sacrifice," 2s. 6d.; L. H., 1s.; E. R. (Grantham), 6d.; B. R., 1s.; J. E. L., 1s.; W. T., 1s.; "Crippled Tommy," 1s.; F. M. R. (Coventry), 6d.; Anon., 6d.; N. A. (Bath), 2s.; Mrs. E. G. (Midlothian), 10s.; H. E., 1s.; F. D. (S. Reddish), 4s.; "And Robin Gray," 3s.; Mrs. P., 6d.; "Clinker Shifter," 1s.; E. S. L., 6d.; "Xmas Cheer," 10s.; H. E. J., 6d.; W. C. H. (Droxford), 5s.; "Constant Reader" (Devonport), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. W. G. (Hayes End), 2s. 6d.; J. B. (Dulwich), 6d.; "Gratias Deo," 10s.; S. A. W. P., 3s. 6d.; P. R. S. (Wimborne), 2s.; "An Old Widow," 10s.; McG. (Southsea), 3s.; R. B. (Grantham), 1s.; H. R. (Jersey), 2s.; "In Memory of N. A. M.," 10s. 6d.; Anon., 3s. and parcel; "A Lucky Man," 2s. 6d.; R. O. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; E. S. (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; "In Loving Memory of M.," 2s.; "A Willshire Reader," 3s.; M. H., 5s.; "In Loving Memory of a Very Dear Son," 3s.; E. J. G. (Penzance), 10s.; P. Z. E., 1s.; T. B. H. (Leyton), 10s.; K. E. T. (Upper Greetingland), 2s.; "Service Man and Wife" (Chopwell), 5s.; J. B. S. (Edinburgh), 2s.; E. W. B. (Wellingborough), 22 10s.; J. E. C. (Aberystwyth), 5s.; F. J. B. (Hamble), 25s.; E. H., 10s.; Mrs. M. L. (Hastings), 10s.; T. A. (Parkstone), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Ealing), 10s.; "Peggy & Jack," 5s.; F. W. (Ashton-a-Lyne), 5s.; G. G. (Gillingham), 5s.; G. R., 1s.; H. G. C., 10s. 6d.; "Zachus," 2s. 6d.; "A Target Winner" (Croft), 1s.; Mrs. A. J. (Doncaster), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 4s.; "Little Irene," 6s.; G. M. (Manton), 2s.; J. N. (Accrington), 5s.; "Sarey," 2s.; V. G. L., 1s.; H. W. E. E., 2s. 6d.; "Keep Smiling" (Knaresborough), 5s.; Anon. (Whitchurch), 2s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; J. H. L., 21s.; A. H. K. (Highgate), 5s.; H. C. N., 1s.; "Three-penny Bits Saved," 2s. 6d.; Collection, per Mrs. E. S., 23 8s. 6d.; "Nottingham Admirer," 5s.; A. F. (Awmley), 3s.; H. A. (Cockfield), 5s.; "In Memory of W. H. B." (Croydon), 5s.; K. T. (Fulham), 2s.; A. P. T. (Westcliff-on-Sea), 21s.; "Sid" (Walton-on-Dale), 5s.; K. C. (Westcliff-on-Sea), 5s.; E. K., 2s. 6d.; H. G. (Gorleston), "In Memory of Jim," 2s.; T. H. N., 5s.; W. G. V., 2s. 6d.; J. Y. (Dunfermline), 1s.; "A Rochdale Reader," 2s. 6d.; "An ex-WRAF," 1s.; M. Y. (Ilford), 2s. 6d. and parcel; M. S. (New Jersey), 1 dollar; J. G. C. (Dawlish), 5s.; "Rules 3 and 6" (St. Austell), 2s. 6d.; A. W. B. (Simons Town), 21s.; "Highland Reader," 5s.; C. M. E. (Blackfriars), 1s.; J. W. T. (Wallingford), 2s. 6d.; S. R. (Cape Town), 10s.; "An Ex-W.A.A.C.," 2s. 6d.; Y. S. C., 5s.; "Telephone," 6d.; Anon., 1s. 4d.; G. H. (Glasgow), 5s.; H. A. (Swindon), 2s. 6d.; N. and R. C. (Faversham), 5s.; "In Loving Memory," 10s.; F. L. H., 21 10s.; T. H. N. (Chiswick), 1s.; G. H. S. (Handsworth), 6d.; A. M. B. (Bolton), 2s. 6d.; J. W. M., 5s.; "In Memoriam," 10s.; "Chu Chu," 2s. 6d.; "Clawton," 2s.; "Pass It On" (Sheffield), 1s.; Mrs. F. M. (Radnor), 2s.; Anon., 1s.; "A Friend" (Stranraer), 5s.; "Optimist," 2s.; "A Jerry Woman," 10s.; C. B. (Finedon), 2s. 6d.; M. A. H. (Rhyt), 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; H. E. F. (Byleigh), 2s. 6d.; F. D. (S. Reddish), 2s.; R. B. McK., 6d.; L. H. P., 2s.; "Interested," 6d.; E. S. L., 6d.; E. H. (Bath), 1s.; S. E. H. (Edgobaston), 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M. E. B., 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s.; J. L., 2s.; "Fusile" (Reading), 2s. 6d. and parcel; E. A. (Kensington), 5s.; Mrs. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. P. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; "M.E.N.," 1s.; P. B., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; C. T. H., 5s.

IS YOUR GIFT HERE?

SORELY SIGNED AGAINST.

TRAGIC VICTIM OF A MYSTERIOUS "DRUG CURE."

A terrible story was divulged in the course of the prosecution, at Marylebone, of Gwendoline Le Briton, a young woman charged with forging medical prescriptions in order to obtain morphine. Her father was a drunkard, and she had inherited his fatal tendency. She tried valiantly to subdue it by hard work, but doubtless suffered at intervals mentally and physically. Unfortunately, she became acquainted with a nurse, who actually advised her to take morphia. The result was disastrous, but again the victim tried to redeem herself, and, at a cost of £70, underwent another "cure" at a London home, where, as a Doctor testified, she was subjected—not by him—to "very drastic treatment, which practically renders the patient insane at the time, and leaves her in a very weak condition and in pain." She was callously discharged from this "drug-cure" establishment suffering frightful pain, while the doctor in charge not only did nothing to alleviate her agony, but did not even warn her or her friends that she needed the most skilled after-care. Hence the poor soul's illegal attempt to procure fresh supplies of the temporarily-soothing drug. The most amazing and disquieting fact of all is that the Magistrate, Mr. d'Eyncourt, though he did say "the woman had been very badly advised," showed her no mercy, but sentenced her to six months' imprisonment in the second division. Possibly she will be transferred at once to the infirmary; but is that the place where the expert and sympathetic treatment and nursing she palpably requires can or will be administered?

FINE FIRE FIGHTERS.

LIFE SAVERS WHO MERIT REWARD AND HONOUR.

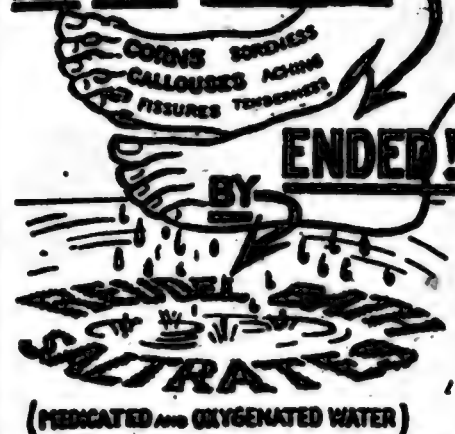
In a recent issue we addressed an Open Letter of congratulation and commendation to three brave Edmonton Police Constables—Taylor, Powell, and Hancock, who were informed that lives were in peril at a fire. These men suffered terrible injuries before they were rescued by firemen, whose fearless gallantry was not less than their own. Edmonton has always been proud of its fire brigade, under command of Superintendent Eddington, but this rescue of the three police constables, effected amid resounding applause from a huge throng of spectators, was as splendid and as thrilling an exhibition of fire-escape rescue as was ever seen. When Fireman Peachey ascended to aid P.C. Powell the poor fellow had divested himself of his uniform, and was delirious. He kicked his rescuer in the stomach, and struggled so desperately when dragged through the narrow window on to the escape that only the skill and resolution of Peachey got him safely to ground. Fireman Law and Glover rushed up the escape and through the hot flame-tinted smoke. Searching around, Glover found P.C. Taylor crouched in a corner. Helped by Law, the policeman struggling violently was got to the window, but not until Firemen Shippen and Sergeant ascended the ladder and rendered their invaluable aid was P.C. Taylor, severely burned, brought down to safety. So far as we know, the heroes, constables as well as firemen, remain without public honour and reward. It is clearly a case for the award of Albert medals—and surely the local public will not allow it to pass unsubstantially recognised.

A FORTUNATE YOUNG BRUTE.

SMALL FINE IMPOSED ON HOMICIDAL RUFFIAN.

The Grimsby Bench have certainly not added to the lustre of the "Great Unpaid" by fining George Alfred Walker £20 and costs, with the absurd alternative of two months' imprisonment, for his murderous attack on a young woman of Cleethorpes, Miss Mabel Farrall, who had the misfortune to be his sweetheart. At the house of a mutual friend on the night of Thursday, 29th December, the name of another man was mentioned in the course of conversation. Immediately Walker's bestial rage was aroused. With a coarse and angry exclamation, he seized the unfortunate girl's throat in an endeavour to strangle her. He then tried to stab her, and in warding off the blow her hand was badly lacerated. We shudder to think what would have been the fate of the defenceless girl at the hand of this rage-maddened brute but for the timely intervention of another inmate of the house. Superintendent Falgate informed the Bench that Walker was "fortunate not to be charged with a graver offence." This is very true; but for the life of us we cannot see how such an assault, with so obviously murderous an intent, can be mitigated by a fine of £20 or two months' imprisonment. Either Walker was guilty of an attempt to murder or he is not a fit person mentally to be at liberty. In either case, justice is not satisfied by such absurd penalties, and we take the opportunity of directing the attention of the Grimsby Bench to the provisions of the Criminal Law which are expressly designed for the adequate punishment of homicidal brutes such as George Alfred Walker.

Don't decide in a hurry—first "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

ALL FOOT TROUBLES

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrate in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, any sort of corn, callous or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

Reudel Bath Saltrate is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2/- and 3/3 (double size). Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.

THE WAY TO BE WELL

All the Year Round.

There are plenty of men and women who, every few weeks, have spells of weakness and suffering, during which they are little better than miserable invalids.

In the case of men disordered or overstrained nerves are usually responsible for this unfitness. As for the woman, her back aches, she is dizzy with sick headache, and her side stabbing with pain. The only real health is all-the-year-round health; and the secret of it is good rich blood and plenty of it.

The one way to make this new blood is to take Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills make new rich blood from the first dose. They strengthen and tone up the nerves of worried enfeebled men and have accomplished wonders for pale, delicate girls, ailing mothers and thin weedy boys.

Send for a copy of "The Way to be Well." It contains many instructive hints, and will be sent free to all readers who write to Hints Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. It is well worth sending for.

Begin to get well to-day by starting Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of dealers; or from above address, 3s. od. per box, post free. For men and women too.

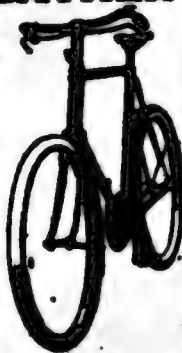
AN ALL-WEATHER BICYCLE for £4:17:6

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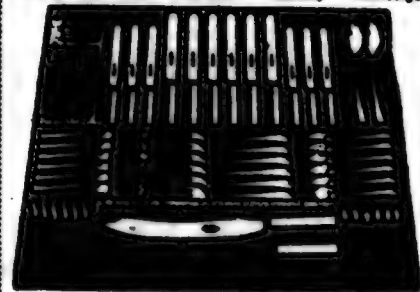
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WE DELIVER the Graves Stainless Service of Cutlery and superior Table Plate carriage - paid to approved orders, on receipt of 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if you are entirely satisfied with the Service after careful examination in your own home. If you are in any way dissatisfied we will instantly refund your money without any deduction whatever.

7/6
with order

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1 Pair Genuine "Enterprise" Brand Stainless Steel CARVERS, 5-in. Curved Blades, handsome Ivoire handle securely fitted.

6 Table Knives 6 Dessert Spoons 6 Egg Spoons
6 Table Forks 6 Tea Spoons 6 Table Spoons
6 Dessert Knives 6 Salt Spoons 6 Salt Spoons
6 Dessert Forks 6 Sugar Spoons 6 Sugar Spoons
1 Jam Spoon 1 Pr. Tongues

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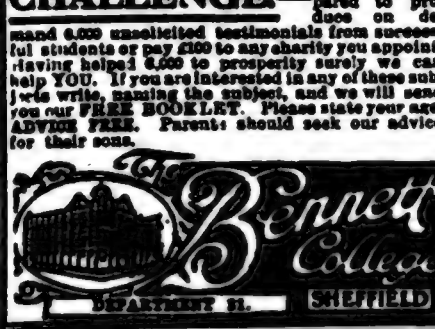
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**"Whom Can I Ask?"**

If you are in any doubt about dangers to health, write to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, from whom free information and literature may be obtained.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1/3 post free.

A Well-brushed Head

Never fails to impart an air of distinction and smartness — especially if you aid it with Anzora, which will effectually keep your hair in any position desired.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair

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Cream for greasy scalps; Viola for dry scalps. Of all chemists, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS

The Ideal Family Remedy.

A Real Blessing to Young and Old Alike.

Mrs. Slade, 80, Lancelot Street, Queen's Park, Paddington, London, says: "Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has been a real blessing in my family. I first used it for my little boy when he had whooping cough. I had tried other things, and found them useless, but when I gave him Veno's, it was surprising how soon he got well. I used Veno's after that for all my family. My last little baby was cured of bronchitis by it, and I have taken it myself for influenza. I found it splendid for this trouble as well as for other coughs and colds. My husband has had Veno's too. He came home from the front wounded and with a very bad cold. But, of course, he had Veno's, and that soon cured his cough."



Mrs. Slade.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Recognised Modern Remedy for
**COUGHS AND COLDS.
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A BOTTLE.

**DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPIING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS.
INFLUENZA.**

Large size, 3/-. The 3/- size is the more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE**Mental Efficiency.**

Efficiency—Mental Efficiency—is no meaningless catch-phrase. It is the slogan of success in life to-day. Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Efficiency Clubs everywhere, are taking up the investigation and study of the subject all over the world. Governmental Departments are disseminating information in regard to it.

But the foundation of national efficiency rests upon the efficiency of the individual. No matter in which direction you turn, truly efficient men and women are getting the most out of life for they have learned to develop and expand their capacities for work and play to the utmost. This hustling, work-a-day world holds no rich prizes for those who do not organize and develop their mental resources so as to make the most of what nature has endowed them with.

The average man is not worth much more than a dollar a day from his shoulders down; but from his shoulders up, there is no limit to his value.

If you would make money in business—you must be efficient. If you would rise to a high place in any profession—you must be efficient. If you would win power and influence in public life—you must be efficient. If your occupation is smothering your ambitions and hopes—learn the principles of efficiency. This knowledge will bring you advancement, increased salary, more leisure to do the big things in life.

Here are ten new books which lay bare the secrets of efficient, triumphant manhood in plain, easily understood language:

POISE	How to Attain It.
TIMIDITY	How to Overcome It.
COMMON SENSE	How to Exercise It.
OPPORTUNITIES	How to Make the Most of Them.
CHARACTER	How to Strengthen It.
INFLUENCE	How to Exert It.
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PERSEVERANCE	How to Develop It.
SPEECH	How to Use It Effectively.
PERSONALITY	How to Build It.

Master the principles of these books and you will become master of yourself, and can mould men and circumstances to your will.

We ask you to use the Reservation Form at once, for we cannot promise to hold the sets which we have put aside for you after the date shown on the Form.

Sign your name to the Form and get it into the post to-day. Do not send any money with it. As soon as your Application is received we will pack your volumes in a stout case and despatch at once. After approval, you then, if you decide to keep the set, send us a first payment of 7/- only, and further sums of same amount monthly until a total of 42/- is paid. If they are not satisfactory you may return the volumes to us at our expense, and the transaction is at an end.

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J.B.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

E. K. (Coventry).—"Stick to France tight and true." So we said and so do you.

"EX-SERVICE MAN" (Camberwell).—"Would it be possible for you to put the following question in the House of Commons?" No, for a very good reason which we hope shortly to rectify.

"WORRIED" (Eccles).—"As regards employers and employed, you think the text 'A plague on both your houses' might 'serve as the basis of an eloquent article.' A sounder gospel would be to invite a blessing on them both.

"OLD READER."—"Just to wish the new Editor a Happy New Year." Thanks, and while we're about it, let us wish you the same for next year, too.

M. C. T. (Nottingham).—"I hope you will keep pegging away at all England's enemies." We shall, and they know it.

J. L. (Hastings).—"In our opinion the possibilities of co-partnership as the basis of industry have never been properly tested. One of these days we must spread ourselves on the subject.

W. J. S. (Old Kent Road).—"We thank the King for the Honours List." We don't.

D. S. (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).—"Accept my congratulations and fraternal felicitations." We do so most heartily, and at the same time assure you with entire spontaneity of our sincere reciprocal regard.

SERGT. G. H. (Dunbar).—"So you do not 'see eye to eye with us in regard to America.' Never mind that, as long as we're both happy.

S. H. G. (Gloucester).—"Give us stronger doses." You must have the stomach of an ostrich.

D. D. (Scarborough).—"We note that 'in the main' you agree with our policy. Good, and we have every hope that before long we shall number you among our whole-hearted disciples.

K. R. P. (Horley).—"Get at the root of real grievances." That is a motto for the New Year which we mean to live up to and over.

"WORKER" (Bristol).—"The world is upset and we've got to mend it up again." That's right, sonny; we must stick together.

"DATAS" (Brixton Hill, S.W.).—"You are quite right in stating that the first issue of JOHN BULL was on sale on June 7th, 1900. In point of fact, the date is one of the landmarks in British history.

G. W. S. (Old Southgate).—"Our staff have been greatly touched by your kindly appreciation, although we are bound to say that it has made them more conceited than ever.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" (Bucks).—"We'll stick to you like the ivy on the old garden wall." Evidently we are to lose none of our old friends.

"CONSTANT READER" (India).—"We greatly value our connection among the Tommies in India. If ever trouble comes along—Write to JOHN BULL about it!

P. P. E. (Camden Town, N.W.).—"I think your 'Greatest of These' page simply splendid." We hope to make it a bigger thing than ever in the coming year.

"PATRIOT" (Athlone).—"Already we have stated our view that the British warships to be scrapped should be broken up in this country and not sent to Germany for the purpose. The deliberate fostering of unemployment by the Government is one of the worst scandals of the day.

H. C. (Hampstead, N.W.).—"In the case of a strike, unemployment pay should come from the Trade Unions, and not from the State. And calling us names won't make us alter our opinion.

PTE. R. G. WEST.—"The parents of this soldier, who served during the war with the 1st Battn. Royal West Kent Regiment, and was reported missing, will be glad if any person who can supply information regarding his fate will communicate with them at 50, Eldon Street, Chatham, Kent.

Miss K. T. E. (Derry).—"Just a line to wish you a greater circulation than ever of your interesting paper, JOHN BULL." Say what you like, a more civil lot of readers than ours are not to be found within the four corners of the kingdom.

H. A. O. (Wigan).—"I have read JOHN BULL since its tenth number." Rotten luck missing the first nine.

H. B. (Knottingley).—"The working classes will not look upon intoxicating liquors as a luxury." Don't blame them either, especially in the hot weather.

"N.C.O.s AND MEN" (Aden).—"It seems almost incredible that the two drummers you speak of should have been charged with 'disobedience to orders' for swimming out to sea during a bathing parade to rescue two comrades who were drowning. Will you take your Bible oath on it?

A. C. N. (Handsworth).—"We agree that in national finance we should be on our guard against 'throwing away the baby with the wash water.' In domestic life, too, the temptation should be strongly resisted.

A. M. (Clapham, S.W.).—"So you think 'the Holy Vicar of Hampton' has very little chance of getting to Heaven. Between ourselves, does that matter?

F. D. A. (Demerara).—"I should be awfully delighted to meet you." We believe you would.

T. A. B. (St. Leonards).—"Your allegations against the Chief Inspector of Tramways are too vague for publication. Probably if we enquired we should find that he had a beautiful character.

"FAIRPLAY."—"You will have noticed that before your letter arrived we had dealt with the case of the unemployed men prosecuted for carol singing. Quick, aren't we?

"PUNDIT."—"We note that recent events have not altered your determination to copy out the whole of Shakespeare for our edification. The bit this week was a shade near the knuckle.

C. P. (Stratford).—"We have your letter deploring the declining birth rate. Done your bit?

S. P. (Willesden, N.W.).—"One man is often no better than another." Frequently not half as good.

M. S. (Cambridge).—"I feel it my solemn duty to write and thank you for all you did for me in regard to my pension." We would not put it that way, but it is an act of graceful politeness which we warmly appreciate.

A. M. (Maldstone).—"Your suggestion for 'a new JOHN BULL puzzle' does not appeal to us. We would rather pick winkles.

L. A. M. (Exeter).—"Are oysters alive when eaten or do they die when opened?" Speaking from experience rather than from theory, we are inclined to say that sometimes it's one way and sometimes the other.

S. H. O. K. (Edinburgh).—"I blush to see the immodesty of present-day girls." So do we, and they say it suits us.

"CUMBERLAND LAD."—"The truth of the matter is that there are a fixed number of pensions available for retired Cabinet Ministers who state that they need the money. And, between ourselves, there have been one or two of them who did not trace their pedigree back to George Washington.

"SCPTICAL" (Woolwich).—"Was there ever a real 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres'?" Best not enquire too closely now that Tommy has settled down with the missus.

E. B. (Rotherham).—"We have your letter likening a well-known Cabinet Minister to the 'Beast of Revelation.' No prize for guessing.

"LOYAL CITIZEN" (Brecon).—"So you think policemen should have larger batons. Afraid that would not make them any handier at catching murderers.

J. A. McC. (British Columbia).—"We note that you are on the look out for 'an English country girl, dark complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight about 180 lbs.' You may take it from us that another 5 lbs. doesn't matter if it's the right stuff.

S. J. B. (Bournemouth).—"We note that, being in financial difficulties, you 'wouldn't mind a bit of work.' Nothing like an accommodating temperament.

Mrs. B. (Camberwell).—"If a local magnate mentions 'a certain weekly newspaper' with a savage glint in his eye, you can bet your life it's us.

"BRITISHER" (Boston, U.S.A.).—"New York City has just elected a Mayor who boasted that he gave the freedom of the City to De Valera." But remember the King's words, "Forget and forgive."

A. H. (Camberwell, S.E.).—"We note that you have invented a puzzle with 'a solid and liquid foundation.' Sounds messy.

K. G. (Bicester).—"If a motor was going round a corner at a very fast rate, which wheels would leave the ground first?" The offside wheels, clearly, if any, although it's a mistake to encourage them.

"CONSTANT" (Streatham).—"The phrase 'a split infinitive' is used to describe that error of grammar which consists in interposing an adverb between a verb and the word 'to.' Thus, to say 'to believe firmly' is correct, while the phrase 'to firmly believe' would be wrong. Get us?

J. G. (Rotherhithe, S.E.).—"Is the Isle of Man a foreign country?" It is not, and in any case it is too big for you to pinch.

"FED UP."—"How can a Cabinet Minister earn £5,000 a year?" The only way some of them could earn it would be by retiring for good.

H. R. B. (Hove).—"The way some of our women dress is asking for trouble." The way they undress, you mean.

P. S. (Canada).—"Did Pussyfoot Johnson lose an eye in England?" He did, but they tell us he keeps the other uncommonly well skinned.

"ENQUIRER" (Swansea).—"Personally we should not fall in love at first sight with a tradesman who held himself out as 'representing Peter Ludwig Schmidt, Elberfeld, Germany.'"

E. T. C. (Peckham).—"We agree that there is much in the present industrial system that calls for protest. But no brickbats.

S. P. (Tilbury).—"We see no reason why a young woman should not stand for the Town Council. The sort we object to are the old ones in trousers.

"DIGGER."—"Afraid not even to please you can we describe an eminent politician as a 'blasted mongrel.' You're warm material.

M. H. K. (Morpeth).—"The enclosed for your 'Greatest of These' Fund, and sorry it is not more." On the contrary, we are glad it is so much.

C. G. (Liverpool).—"Your idea of 'a postscript to JOHN BULL' is certainly intriguing. But the notion of putting half the Book of Revelations into it does not appeal to us.

E. R. (Westcliff).—"While as devoted as you can be to 'the peace and sweetness of the night,' we cannot agree that a man has a right to slay his neighbour's fowls. Although, in the circumstances you mention, we should not be altogether surprised if one or two of them met with an accident.

"ULSTERMAN" (Belfast).—"It seems that our recent sketch of Lord Carson made you sit up. You will admit, however, that we gave the right hon. gent. credit for honesty, which in the case of a politician is like 'a precious jewel in his head.'"

"NANNYGOAT" (Portsmouth).—"Afraid we cannot undertake to visit you at home, but if you will promise to come and see us we shall be all agog with excitement till the radiant vision dawns.

J. G. (Banbury).—"My poetry has been likened to Milton's." Now you speak of it, there are points of resemblance—as, for instance, the use of words that don't rhyme.

"NOSY PARKER" (Liverpool).—"The employer who told you to 'get out or you would get your nose kicked,' was no gentleman. Anything specially provocative about your nasal organ?

"INDIGNANT" (Andover).—"Sheer ignorance." was Dr. Johnson's excuse for a celebrated literary blunder. And some of our Government Departments would be hard put to it to find a better one.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

No more worry if you "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"



John Bull's Bargains

Here are displayed certain advertisements of goods which have been examined by "John Bull" and represent excellent value. If ordered by post they are covered by the guarantee below. Samples may be seen at the advertisement office of "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Genuine Sale.

To clear a limited stock of these beautifully finished handsome Reading Lamps (previously sold at 25/6) we are making the following astounding offer to "John Bull" readers.

BEST QUALITY REFLECTOR READING LAMPS

NICKEL PLATED ON SOLID BRASS.

SALE PRICE **19/6** POST FREE.

An Ornament and an Economy in any home.
SEND P.O. AT ONCE TO SECURE.
KERRIDGE & CO. (J.B.),
34, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1

The Ideal
Oil Lamp for
every Home.

Money returned if not fully satisfied.
No SMOKE. Height 13 1/2 in. No SMELL.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

RAMONT'S FIRST GREAT SALE.

Two Wonderful Offers which "John Bull" recommends.

ASTOUNDING Clearance of Cloth at unheard-of prices (24 in. and 60 in. wide) from 3/-

We start immediately (no matter what they cost) to clear the whole of our Cloth to make room for early spring goods.

54 in. & 60 in. wide—3/- per yd.

Wonderful Bargains in Serges, Blanket Cloths, Velours and Tweeds, all qualities. Patterns free on receipt of postcard. They need not be returned.

Mark your p.c. Cloth Dept. 2, & address it as below.

Thousands of Yards from **3/-** per yard Worth double and more.

SALE OFFER No. 2.

CHARMING SKIRTS for 5/-

Great Offer of Tweed Dress Skirts. Guaranteed made to measure. Write for FREE Pattern NOW.

This startling offer is made direct from Ramont's large works, purely to advertise their Skirt Department. Every skirt is cut to individual measurements and beautifully tailored.

The Greatest Offer ever known. 20,000 already made. Orders still pouring in. Ramont's of London and Manchester tailor these 54 made-to-measure Dress Skirts in six styles. No extra charge for outsize. All sold with money-back guarantee. Send p.c. for batch of FREE patterns, styles folder and measurement form.

Mark your p.c. Dept. 2, 2 and send it to the address below.

Ramont & Co.

London Office and Showrooms: **FINSBURY PAVEMENT HOUSE, E.C.2**
Cloth Warehouse and Factory: **ST. ROBERT STREET, CHESTHAM, MANCHESTER.**

JOHN BULL READERS

HELPED TO MAKE THE SARTOR RAINCOAT

20/-

The enormous public demand for the famous Raincoats—to which "John Bull" Readers have very largely contributed—is responsible for its present price.

We deal direct with the wearer, and eliminate all shop profits, and are now able to buy material in such huge quantities that without sacrificing quality, style or finish, we now offer the Sartor Raincoat at 20/-.

It is the finest value obtainable anywhere, even at double the price. Tailored from fully proofed Gabardine Cloth, check lined—well tailored and finished in prevailing styles.

SEND NO MONEY. Send first for patterns and the Sartor Style Book (Ladies, Gents, Maids, and Youths), and Self-Measurement Form. If when you receive your cost you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be refunded in full without question.

SARTOR Manufacturing COMPANY
53, Oxford Rd., Dept. J)
MANCHESTER



Every Garment
Guaranteed.

Sensational Offer to "JOHN BULL" Readers.

This is no catchpenny offer, but a genuine undertaking by a reputable Firm to supply

On 80' Made to Measure Suit for 36/6

Why go on paying extortionate prices for clothes when you can save more than half the money by accepting our offer? You could not obtain better material, fit and cut than we can give you at anything like our prices.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO BUY CHEAPER—IT IS FOOLISH TO PAY MORE.

The reason we are able to offer high grade Made-to-measure Suits and Overcoats so cheaply is because we are the actual manufacturers. Our profits on each order are extremely small but our output is enormous. So long as the public supports us we shall continue to supply direct to the wearer and thus save our Customers all middlemen's profits, which are the chief cause of the abnormally high prices ordinarily charged.

*If you are not satisfied
YOU DON'T PAY*

You can safely send us your order because we guarantee you complete satisfaction, and if for any reason you are not delighted with the goods when you receive them, all you have to do is return them and your money will be instantly refunded.

LOUNGE SUITS.

Made to measure in any style. Exquisitely tailored and a perfect fit guaranteed. Supplied in a splendid range of All-Wool Tweeds and Worsted. As Illustrated. from **36/6**
Our Speciality: Blue Serges guaranteed indigo dye, London shrunk ... from **45/-**

OVERCOATS.

Without a doubt the finest value in the world. Magnificent range of All-Wool Tweeds, Naps, Meltons, Cheviots, etc., in any style from **35/-**

FINSBURY TAILORING CO., (J.B.)
14, CHISWELL ST., LONDON, E.C.2

THESE PATTERNS SENT POST FREE.

When applying for patterns state whether required for Suit or Overcoat or both. Our range is so wide that whatever your requirements are we can supply you.

USE THIS COUPON

To **Finsbury Tailoring Co. (J.B.)**

14, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.2

Please send me, Free of Cost and obligation, range of Patterns for Suit or/and Overcoat.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

2 ND Prize £100	BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1000	3 RD Prize £50
10 PRIZES OF £5		10 PRIZES OF £2-10
50 PRIZES OF 10/-		200 PRIZES OF 5/-
1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 POPULAR NOVELS	3000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet: For SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 436.

OUR GOVERNMENT THE NATION'S PURSE WHERE THERE'S A WILL ENGLAND AND FRANCE WHEN DREAM COMES TRUE GETTING THE PLUMS UNSOLVED MYSTERY SINKING THE SHIP PANEL DOCTOR HAMMER AND TONGS	MISSING THE GOAL IN A FEW WORDS SICK AND TIRED FREE SAMPLE BEYOND BELIEF SAYING A LOT CONTENTED MAN IN THE WORKSHOP ECONOMY STUNT A RAPID RISE	DISARMING NEW BROOD A HUG'S GAME MY LOVE FATHER'S JOE LUCKY DOG COLD SNAP WON BY HEAD WHY NOT LAST TO GO	PRINCIPAL GIRL WE ALL FANCY CHEERFUL READING GOING TO PUT NOBODY'S CHILD AWAY FROM HOME GAME FOR TWO WHEN FLAPPER MARRIES LANDING THE PRIZE MUST BE WON
--	---	---	--

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.
Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(436) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.
Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(436) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 436. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.
Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(436) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 26th.
Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(436) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 437.

BRINGS TROUBLE—OVERLOADED—BREAKING THE ICE—BROUGHT HOME—PICKING UP—SPEAKS VOLUMES—A GOOD HATE—TOTAL WRECK—FOR THE PRESENT—COUNTRY GIRL—WE HOPE THAT—AS OTHERS SEE US—WAITING TO SETTLE—FALSE FRIEND—HALF THE BATTLE—HARDY MAN—ROUGH DIAMOND—POOR BEGGAR—ON OUR BACKS—UP AND DOWN.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, February 2nd. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 437 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing those coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 437, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 436.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 437 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

Result of 435th 'Bullets' Competition
FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. H. BOWSE,
5, Bismarck St., Beeston Hill, Leeds.

Example:—WHAT WIFE WANTS.
Bullet:—To "STAR," NOT "UNDER-STUDY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. NAVELOCK J. CLARK,
100, Essex Street, Cambridge.

Example:—CLEVER GIRL.
Bullet:—GOT HUSBAND BEFORE SHORTAGE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Miss L. H. CLOUD,
25, Garside Road, South Ealing, W.5.

Example:—No FLAPPER.
Bullet:—A WISE MAN'S TONGUE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. F. J. ABBOTT, 29, Auriol Rd., West Kensington:
PAID FOR LATER—BISHOPS TRIMMED SETTLEMENTS.

Mr. C. RYE, 1A, Waverley Road, Southsea:
IN THE CLOUDS—MUCH OUR LAND NEEDS.

Mr. W. GEORGE, 7, Marmora Rd., Honor Oak, S.E.22:
COMES AND GO—FEWER BLUEBERRIES—MORE SHAME.

Miss V. A. CAYTON, 16, Marlborough Rd., Southport:
ALL AT ONCE—INEXPERIENCED LAWYER SETTLES DISPUTE.

Mr. B. M. BERRY, at Elm Bank, Worcester:
AN ILL WIND—OURS WHISTLING FOR INDEMNITIES.

Mr. G. W. BRADLEY, 384, Wells Rd., Knowle, Bristol:
CLEVER GIRL—MADE MISTAKES—THEN EMIGRATED.

Mr. J. N. TAYLOR, 6, Molesey St., Croydon:
FILLING THE STOCKING—CONTRACTOR PUTTING IN RUBBER.

Mrs. M. SUMNER, 52, Ludlow St., C.-on-M., M.C.:
MAKING A MISTAKE—REFEREE "SOON KNOWS IT."

Mr. W. S. DOUGLAS, 38, Wingfield St., Peckham, S.E.:
FILLING THE STOCKING—OFTEN DONE "UNDER CLOAK."

Mr. J. THOMPSON, Hawthorne Cottage, Kirkfield Bank, Letchworth:
FILLING IT ON—SHORE DEFENCES—NAVAL DISARMAMENT.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. E. L. WAINSTED, C.O. W. J. Farnham & Co., 57, Gracechurch St., E.C.4:

A GOOD DOUBLE—FIRST UNDER COMMUNIST'S NOSE.

Mr. N. A. FADDEE, 32, Bohover St., W.1:
PAID FOR LATER—"PASSENGERS" THE GOVERNMENT CARRIES.

Miss M. SEAGROVE, 45, Gipsy Hill, S.E.1:
FILLING IT ON—IF GRUNDY DRESSED REVUE.

Mr. A. HALL, 3rd Drive, Little Downham Fen, Cambs.:
A GOOD DOUBLE—FACE—PARTY POLITICIAN'S MISTAKE.

Mrs. A. HUGHES, Walton House, Low Moor, Bradford:
BACK TO WALL—AFTER 4: THE DANCE.

Mr. R. PEECE, 59, Garden City, Uxbridge:
WHEN PLAY'S OVER—REFEREE "WHISTLES TO HIMSELF."

Mr. R. E. CHAPLIN, Little Bull Close, Cowgate St., Norwich:
NEVER WELCOME—PAST ON ELECTIONEERING PLATFORM.

Mr. T. BENTON, 16, Glementworth Rd., Nottingham:
VOICE OF REASON—OFTEN "ARGUES" WITH CONSCIENCE.

Mr. J. H. POLGREAN, 183, Leek New Rd., Burslem:
MAKING THINGS HOT—DOESN'T CLEAR COURT TO-DAY.

Mr. A. GABRIEL, 70, Ernest St., Rhyl, North Wales:
FILLING THE STOCKING—GOTTEN AT WOOL PRICES.

Mr. J. H. POLGREAN, 183, Leek New Rd., Burslem:
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MAKING THINGS HOT—DOESN'T CLEAR COURT TO-DAY.

WHY PAY
FIRE INSURANCE
PREMIUMS

THE
JOHN BULL
GREAT FREE
FIRE
INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY
FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer 10s. to the subscriber free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured. This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales. The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to £200

In case of death directly due to Fire at insured person's home £200

For the Loss of Two Limbs or both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye £200

For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye £100

Medical Fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the insured person from following his or her employment up to £10

In the event of a temporary total disablement up to 25 weeks £1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be retained by Newsagent.

To Newsagent

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed _____

Address _____

January 14, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be sent to you by the Insurance Dept., 58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where you name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be sent to JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., 58, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

This is to certify that I have this placed up order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with _____ Newsagent.

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured, killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive payment of my insurance, or in the event of my death, _____

Name of Nominee _____

Address _____

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) _____

Address _____

January 14, 1922.

To remain continued for the best of reasons must continue to have "JOHN BULL" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

Biggest EXCLUSIVE Football Prize!

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

A sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £2,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,000 **MUST BE WON**. This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

Advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. English and Irish readers can compete. This competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" AND THE "BOY'S PICTORIAL."

THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

All attempts must be made upon taken from papers and this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ordinary handwriting (type or pencil will not be allowed) in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

The sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,000 will be divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of £2,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on

How to Fill up Your Coupons

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Feb. 2nd, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No 10, "JOHN BULL," 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 2nd.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th.

HOME TEAM	AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Sunderland v.	Aston Villa			
Arsenal v.	Newcastle U.			
Cardiff City v.	Preston N. E.			
Birmingham v.	Liverpool			
Blackburn R. v.	Burnley			
Everton v.	Middlesbrough			
Blackpool v.	Barnsley			
Sheffield Wed. v.	Notts Forest			
Watford v.	Portsmouth			
Aberdare A. v.	Plymouth A.			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(18)

SIGNED

ADDRESS

ONLY 5 DAYS MORE—Going! Going!! G—!!!

THIS 10/6 JOHN BULL PEN FREE

In order that as many as possible of our readers may take advantage of our Sensational Free Gift Offer we have decided to extend it for a further 5 days only. Orders will be accepted up to Monday. This is absolutely your last chance to obtain TWO splendid "JOHN BULL" PENS for the price of ONE. Our Free Gift Offer is available at all the "John Bull" Pen Depots.

Offer definitely expires on Monday.

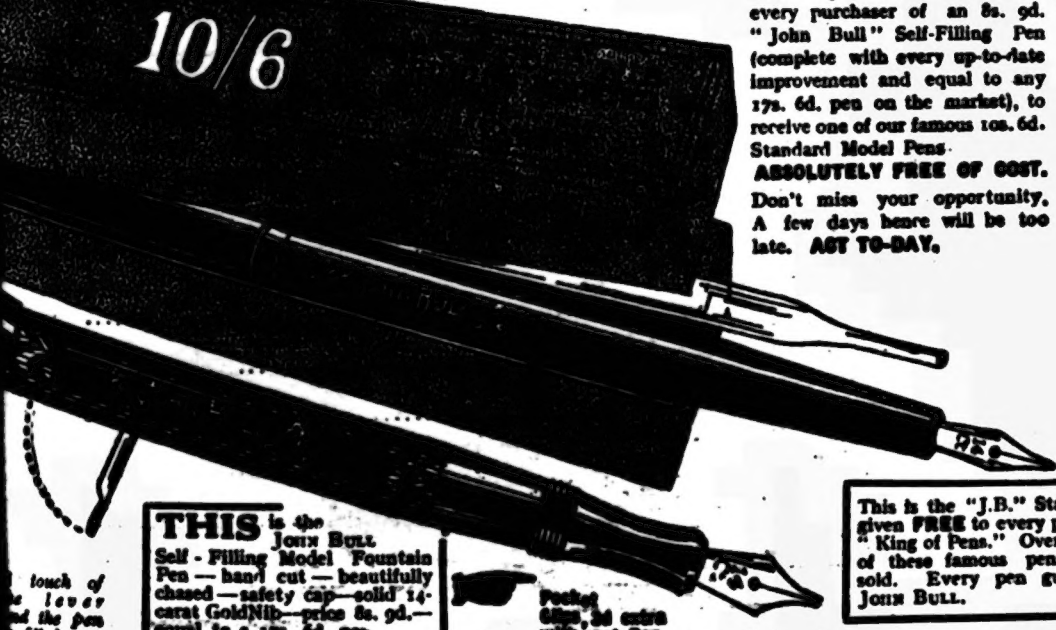
A Recent Testimonial typical of hundreds received—
27, Pearl Street, Carlisle, Cumbria.

"The two Pens purchased on your Special Coupon came to hand yesterday. There are now two 'J.B.' Pens in use in my family. A 17s. 6d. Pen from a renowned firm has been discarded for a 'J.B.'"
J. W. BRADAN.

The Coupon at the side entitles every purchaser of an 8s. 9d. "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen (complete with every up-to-date improvement and equal to any 17s. 6d. pen on the market), to receive one of our famous 10s. 6d. Standard Model Pens. **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST.** Don't miss your opportunity. A few days hence will be too late. **ACT TO-DAY.**



FILL IN THE COUPON NOW!



THIS is the JOHN BULL Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen—hand cut—beautifully chased—safety cap—solid 14-carat Gold—price 8s. 9d.—equal to a 17s. 6d. pen.

This is the "J.B." Standard Model given FREE to every purchaser of a "King of Pens." Over two millions of these famous pens have been sold. Every pen guaranteed by JOHN BULL.

FREE GIFT COUPON AVAILABLE FOR 5 DAYS ONLY

To the Manager, "John Bull" Pen Dept., 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 8s. 9d., plus 2d. for postage and insurance. Please send me by Insured Post a JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, together with FREE New Year Gift of Standard Model Pen. I require Fine, Medium, or Broad Nibs.

(Strike out words not applicable)

NAME

ADDRESS

Date.....
Write in PRINTED LETTERS.

L.P. 14 122

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance **ON TRIAL** to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is *your own fault*.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you *entirely at our risk*. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance on trial. If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS** always.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours*. Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?



From a photograph of Mr. G. H. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old; you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer**.

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and *positively cannot be detected through the clothing*.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *to-day*.

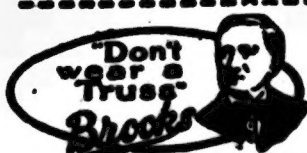
Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1763C), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name

Address

.....


 Please write plainly.